

Week ending April 12 1958

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JOHN BULL



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princesses in search
of husbands**

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CRAZY TAXES!** ★
★ *by Gerald Nabarro* ★

★ **EXTRA—Book Extract** ★
★ **Jazz clubs, dancing—and debts** ★
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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



Lyttelton and his wife. At last the family accepts him

IN a smoky, blacked-out working men's club at Port Talbot, South Wales, early in the war, the chairman called out: "I will now ask Mr. Lyttelton to entertain us. . . ." The young man who stepped forward with his trumpet was an unusual guest for the club—an Old Etonian and grandson of a viscount.

He was working at an uncle's steel mill in the town, waiting to go into the army. But instead of studying management he had rolled up his sleeves and set-to with a shovel—and made friends with the workmen. Hence his visit to the club and first public appearance with a trumpet outside school.

Since then, Humphrey Lyttelton, one-time cartoonist and now Britain's top jazz band leader—a long extract from his new book starts on page 31—has continued to kick over the family traces. "My family was shocked when I joined a jazz band," he says. "There has never been a professional musician in the family before."

Now it has got used to his way of life. In fact, when one of Lyttelton's four sisters was a press assistant at Buckingham Palace, one relative joked about it. He was proud, he said, of his nephew and niece—one of them at the Palace and the other at the Palais.

BY the time the Chancellor makes his Budget speech, Gerald Nabarro, the heavily-moustached M.P. for Kidderminster, will have asked a hundred Parliamentary questions about the inconsistencies of purchase tax, and he has a hundred more ready.

In his battle—he puts his case on page 10—he has been helped by thousands of people who have given him ammunition by quoting examples of silly ways in which the tax works.

An American newspaper has referred to this campaign as the Nabarrothon, and he brings to it the enormous energy which has marked his career. At fourteen he went to sea. At fifteen he enlisted as a regular soldier. He was promoted through the ranks to regimental sergeant major and commissioned in the Royal Artillery.

Later he was a labourer in a West of England mill, and now, at forty-three, he is managing director of an engineering firm, and sits on the boards of other companies.

In one or other of his three cars—registration numbers NAB 1, NAB 2 and NAB 3—he drives a thousand miles a week, mainly to and from his home in the Cotswolds where his attractive wife and four children live.

At every election since 1950, when he won his seat, he has increased his majority. But if he lost it? "I have always had an ambition," he says, "to drive in the Monte Carlo Rally."



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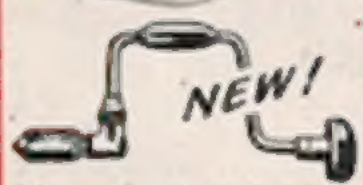
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Free Speech

- How to solve those parking problems
- Why put mirrors in phone boxes?
- Lightening the weight in your pocket

THE traffic congestion problem in our big cities could best be solved by issuing two forms of licence: the normal licence where the car could not be used in the city centre, necessitating parking outside the central area; and a special licence issued to genuine residents of central areas at the normal price.

Should the holder of an ordinary licence require a special one, he would pay so much a quarter extra for the facility.

This would remove the necessity for the installation or upkeep of slot machines to register parking times.—B. J. WHITE, Princes Avenue, Petts Wood, Orpington, Kent.

Taking The Lead

I am a thief. After reading "Puzzle In Your Pocket" (JOHN BULL, March 15) I went round the house and collected all the pencils I could find. There were 148 of them, all brought home from the office inadvertently.

I found them in the knife drawer, the shoe box, in ornaments, in my desk, two or three in almost every coat and waistcoat pocket, in the car glove compartment, under the bed and



a whole tumbler full of them in the play room.

There were even two in the bathroom and one in a plantpot acting as a splint for a bent daffodil.

Every room in the house had a hoard of them somewhere or other, and I am sure similar hoards could be found in most other houses.

If they were all returned to the offices they came from the pencil manufacturers would have to close down production for at least a year, I should think.—T. S., Warwickshire.

Candour

Mr. Everitt implies in his article on the League of Empire Loyalists (JOHN BULL, March 1) that Mr. A. K. Chesterton holds certain opinions which he does not wish the world-at-large to know about. How does Mr. Chesterton go about concealing these opinions? He publishes them every week in *Candour*, a paper which anybody can buy and which is in fact bought by thousands of people all over the world. I can only assume that Mr. Everitt regards this as a "hushed, sinister" way of going about things.—AUSTEN BROOKS, *Candour*, Dingwall Road, Croydon, Surrey.

Not Staying

A South African friend who is visiting Britain called to see me. She is staying here for two years, and for that time she can work without paying income tax. To her that means big money.

Yet, she says, she has changed her mind about settling in Britain after she marries. Her reason is that the standard of living is much higher for white people in South Africa.

Wages, she says, are high enough to outweigh high prices, and she adds that social life, which in Britain belongs to a certain class backed by money, is within the reach of all in

South Africa. There is not the crippling taxation either.—J. G., Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

"Income tax is low in South Africa," says the High Commissioner's office. "A single man earning the national average for Europeans, £1,200 a year, would pay £117 in tax. There is no form of purchase tax. Prices of clothes, houses, cars and food are roughly comparable with those in Britain, but the luxuries—tobacco, drink and so on—are much cheaper."

Point Made

I telephoned a firm which was advertising for a clerk who was "hard working, honest and thoroughly trustworthy." I was asked to call for an interview at 11 a.m. the next day.

When I explained that I could not get there at that time because I could not leave my present employment, it was suggested that I "just slip away for an hour."—R. P., Birmingham.

On The Wall

There is another way to discourage long local telephone calls from public call boxes ("Free Speech," March 8) and that is to take away the excellent mirrors the Post Office provides so thoughtfully.

I saw a young woman go into a kiosk, empty her handbag and take nearly ten minutes to put on powder, lipstick and eye-shadow. To the amazement of a small waiting queue, she stepped out without any attempt at making a call.—A. YORKE, Harley Street, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

"It has been said that if people are looking at themselves in the mirror they aren't doodling on the walls and the directories," says the G.P.O. "That may be true, but in fact the mirror is just one of the facilities—along with the parcel rack and the place for a cigarette—of the kiosk."

Penny Weight

Carrying a load of copper coins the other day, I began to wonder why we don't use aluminium for our coinage as several Continental countries do. There may be objections, but I can't think of any. The saving in weight would be enormous.—E. J. M. SUMMERS, Park Street, Trowbridge, Wilts.

"Aluminium coins do not wear as well as coins made of conventional metals," says the Royal Mint. "Nor are they popular—the public tends to

dislike their lightness. They have been used in many countries, usually when there has been a shortage of the conventional metals. Because it is so light, more coins can be made from a ton of aluminium than from a ton of copper, for example."

Book Rest

My most grateful thanks to JOHN BULL for removing the one cause of friction in my otherwise happy marriage by making short stories and serials self-contained.

I use my partner's back as a book-rest when reading in bed, and for nineteen years I have had to endure his irritation every time I thumbed over



pages on reaching the instruction "Continued on page 40." Now, at last, he can relax until I reach the end of the story. Thanks again.—MRS. D. A. CURTIS, Longdales Road, Lincoln.

Scorched Egg

When my small son burned his hand recently a hospital sister told me of an unusual treatment. She said that whenever I had to deal with a burn or scald, I should take the white of an egg and apply it to the affected part before bandaging.

When the bandage is removed, the white of egg will be found to be solid, in other words cooked, having absorbed all the heat from the burn and so all the pain.

This sounds like an old-fashioned remedy, but since it didn't come from a "quack" source, should be reliable.—MRS. E. A. HARRIS, Leeds.

"It's one of those old wives' tales," says a doctor, "and it obviously comes from an old, old sister who still believes in magic."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

PINS and paper, cotton and cloth—at least they're all there! The problem is to get some dress sense out of this jigsaw. In such circumstances a mere man (and his dog, too) might reasonably imagine that nothing would be easier to produce than a short, scant Sack—but all this seems to be producing is furrowed foreheads. Since Father won't get his dinner until daughter sorts out her stripes he'd better retire to the tavern for three courses of ham sandwiches. "If he stops to complain," says Critchlow, "then he'll just have to pay for a new dress."





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THE LOST CITY

by BRIAN CLEEVE



A madman dreamed of gold in its ruined streets . . . a madman bent on killing me

A SHOUT came from Piet Maas: "All aboard. We're headin' due west for Dead Man's Gulch." The Americans raised a polite smile. Ruskin, the Basuto driver, kicked the starter of the supply truck, and I started the station wagon. But Piet couldn't leave it.

"Mind them vultures don't get you," he shrieked above the noise of the engine, his thick, sun-reddened face twisted into a sneering grin.

Piet was always like that. He hated the work, driving rich tourists on ten-day safaris through the Kalahari Desert, and he hated himself so much for doing it that he had to sneer. He had to take it out on someone. Last night it had been the second African driver, which was why Piet was driving the lead jeep now, instead of riding with me in the station wagon. That was the third driver that had run out on us in the year Piet had been on the job, and they were becoming hard to find.

The Americans climbed in behind me; the old professor and his wife first, the five students after them; three girls and two big, sunburned boys with crew haircuts.

Shem Tracey, the dark girl who had told me she was from Arizona, took the seat next to me. She was tall and slender, as supple as a boy, and her hair was as black as ebony against her green shirt.

"Hiya Callaghan," she said. She had a way of lifting

I read the note and cursed and cursed. Then I looked up and saw Shem

Shooting Piet was no job for a girl like Shem. But I needed her help—and now I couldn't face pulling the trigger

one dark eyebrow and looking at you sideways, cynically, with a touch of bitterness behind the mockery. "Your friend—is he always like that?"

"Yes," I said. I glanced at her. She looked like a cool breeze, the kind of cool breeze you never get in the Kalahari.

I looked back over my shoulder and started doing my job, telling the Americans something about the route we were taking.

"The Africans call it the Great Thirst," I said. Then I patted one of the spare water tanks with my free hand. "But we don't need to worry."

We didn't, either. This was my fifth year on the job as safari guide and driver, and the only casualty I'd ever had was a man who got sunstroke through insisting he was tough and didn't need a bush hat. I told them about him, and got the proper reaction. You need to be a bit of a school-marm to do my job properly.

That, perhaps, was why Piet hated it so much. He wanted to be a pioneer, a big, rugged frontiersman with a bullwhip and a rifle to emphasize his contempt for society. That would have been fine in some jobs, but in ours it wasn't. The customers know that there's no danger. But they don't like their noses rubbed in the softness and the safety. They want those ten days to be an experience; they want to be able to boast about it just a little when they get back home.

But Piet couldn't see it like that. He knew the Kalahari like his own garden. He could scent water like a bushman, and find his way through it blindfold. That was why old Solomons had taken him on, in spite of his reputation for being difficult.

The old professor touched my shoulder. "This lost city I've been hearing about, Callaghan; got any stories to tell us?"

It was never long before that one came up. The lost city of the Kalahari . . . the Queen of Sheba's buried capital . . . there were men who'd swear after half a bottle of brandy that they had seen the gold shining in the streets of it. Piet himself, when he was drunk enough, used to swear he'd seen the walls of it on the horizon when he was a boy and that, but for a sandstorm, he'd have found it then and there.

THE Americans had joined us in a small town-let on the edge of the desert. We weren't going to follow our usual route along the line of water-holes, because these Americans weren't interested in game. The students all belonged to the professor's class in some university and they were interested in archaeology; bushmen paintings and the chance of picking up some stone implements.

"That's a queer sort of thing for a girl to be studying," I said to Shem, when the professor got tired of asking about the lost city.

"I don't know," she said. "I like the past better than the present. It's fixed." And she gave me one of her sideways, bitter looks.

"Ah, sure," I said, "life isn't that bad. Look."

There was a splendour in the world we were driving through that always hits me afresh each time I come to it.

"I've seen deserts before this," she said. "Arizona is full of sand and sunshine."

There wasn't much to say to that, and we drove on in silence. One of the boys behind had a cine-camera, and every now and then I heard the small, kitten-purr of its motor as he focused on a duiker leaping away from our path.

There certainly wasn't any chance of us going thirsty—or hungry. We had a case of scotch, and another case of gin, soft drinks; enough

tanks of water to keep us going for a month. We'd brought a crate of canned food, and Ruskin had a way of barbecuing game meat that would have had a vegetarian ravening. That's why we carried rifles.

We stopped at midday to boil coffee and stretch our legs, and then drove on until five o'clock, and camping time. Ruskin and Piet and I put up the tents, and then I got the party round and suggested that we go and look at the neighbourhood.

Piet asked, sneering, if I wasn't afraid of straying too far from the camp and getting them all lost. I just said no, and we set off. Mostly we potted round behind the professor while he told the students all about the bushmen.

I found myself falling a bit behind the main group, with Shem beside me. "Is this still like Arizona?" I asked her.

"Pretty much," she said. "All places are pretty much the same."

"Then it's a pity to spend so much good money on coming to look at them."

"And if I'm spending it to leave something behind?" she said, and she looked at me without any defences at all. "He was a goddamned heel; handsome as a TV announcer, and bluff and honest and open as the kid next door. As a matter of fact he *was* the kid next door. And inside, right solid from side to side and top to bottom, a twenty-four carat heel. . . ." She stopped, almost in surprise, and looked at me again. "Do women on these trips always tell you their secrets?"

"Usually."

She laughed. "You're good for me," she said, so that I wanted to take her chin in my hand and tilt it up. . . .

"So you made it back?" It was Piet, outside his tent, arms akimbo, red face sneering. "Old man Kalahari didn't get you this time, huh?"

"Go to hell," I said. But I felt almost grateful to him. If he hadn't called out just then I might have done something crazy. . . .

Next day we stabbed farther into the desert, swinging west with a touch of south, into country that even I didn't know. We pressed on and, when we were four days out, we were in raw, ravaged country, burned and split by the sun.

Twice the professor had found bushmen engravings on flat rocks near where we camped. But it wasn't that that gave me the excitement. It was the strangeness. The jagged, hostile landscape was like nothing that I'd ever seen, even in five years of trekking. Not a living thing stirred within three hundred miles of us.

And it was then, on the fourth evening, that we saw the city.

We came over a slow rise of burned rock and sand, Piet and his jeep out to the left and ahead as usual. Suddenly I saw him stop and stand up in his jeep, shading his eyes with his hand. He lifted his hat and waved it, pointing ahead like a madman.

We drove down slowly, watching the walls lift up in front of us, and within a minute or two we were among them. There wasn't any freak rock formation about it. They were walls, man-built, with the same dry-stone technique as the ancient walls of ruined Zimbabwe, more than a thousand miles to the north-east, in Southern Rhodesia.

I braked slowly, and they piled out of the station wagon before it stopped, touching the walls with their hands, picking up stones from the ground and examining them.

I looked over to where Piet was standing. Something in the look on his face made me

wonder. It was almost the look of a man who sees people trespassing on his own land.

"It makes me bloody mad," he said, coming over to me. "I've dreamed of this moment half my life—of finding this, the lost city, that every explorer who's ever set foot in Africa would have given his right arm to find. Now I have to stumble on it like this, with a bunch of lousy tourists round my knees like a school treat. And when that old buzzard gets back to Johannesburg you watch . . . it'll be him that found it, him that'll get the bloody credit, because he's a professor, and can spout yards of rubbish about the bloody bushmen. But it was me that found it, wasn't it, Callaghan? You'll see I'm not robbed, won't you?"

He caught me by the front of my shirt and almost shook me in his excitement.

"Of course you'll get the credit," I said. But I knew what he meant. It certainly was an anticlimax to make a find like this on a tourist safari.

WE all sat pretty late that night, talking round the camp fire and listening to the professor telling us what he thought about the city, and how he was going to get up another expedition, a real scientific one this time, the minute he got back to civilization.

After a while Piet couldn't stand it any more and went off to his tent, and by his shadow on the tent wall I could see he was lifting his elbow inside pretty often, trying to drown his soured dreams.

Ruskin was doing much the same thing for different reasons over by the supply truck, and the rest of us by the fire were having a mild kind of celebration, too. . . .

I woke late the next morning. The sun was already up, and the sand was hot when I stepped outside the tent. Nobody was moving, and I could see Ruskin stretched out like a black corpse under his truck.

And it was while I was looking at him that I noticed the water dripping from the truck's belly, where the water tanks were.

The fool, I thought. He's knocked the drainage cock in his sleep. I went over to close it again, and then I saw that it was too late to bother.

"Piet," I called. "Piet!" I lifted his tent flap and looked in and saw that the whole tent was empty except for a torn scrap of paper.

This is for you, Callaghan, I read. I'm sorry about you, because at least you're half-way to being a man. But nobody is going to rob me of the credit, or the gold. So I've drained off all the water I don't want myself and taken the rotor arms from the transport. As far as the world is concerned, our party is going to have a tragic breakdown, and everyone but me is going to die of thirst before the breakdown gets fixed. Then I'll come back here by myself and discover this city the way it ought to be discovered, with a pick and shovel and a couple of kaffirs to dig for the gold. So long, Callaghan. Piet.

I went out into the sunlight again and I stood in the middle of the camp by the dead ashes of last night's fire and cursed and cursed until the sweat poured off me in a river.

"That sounded fine," a voice said. "Is this a morning ritual, or just occasional?" I looked up, and there was Shem, in trim sharkskins and a skin-tight scarlet shirt. "Is breakfast up?" she said. "I sure could use a gallon of coffee right now."

I showed her the note. She read it through twice, frowning. Then, strangely, as it penetrated, all the bitterness left her eyes, and I saw a kind of fierce joy in them.

I took her by the elbows and shook her, very



ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

I had the stone now. All I had to do was get close enough to use it. If he heard me we were lost . . .

gently, backwards and forwards. "Don't worry," I said. "We'll make out."

"Does it matter?" she asked, one dark, bird's-wing eyebrow lifting. But although the words had the old, sour flavour about them, her face was different. Alive and singing, like a wild boy risking his life on some crazy throw.

"Does it matter?" I echoed her. "By all that's holy, it does. More than it ever did." Then I whispered: "Does it matter if I kiss you now?"

When we could talk again, Shem and I sat in the shade of the safari car, trying to work things out.

"As I see it," I told her, "we've got about thirty-six hours to find Piet and those rotor arms. The juice in the canned foods will last us that long, if we ration it tight enough, and the condensed orange juice ought to get us back to the nearest water." I tried to make it sound hopeful but I knew in my heart that we hadn't even the right to hope.

We all held a conference, going round and round the one question: how were we going to find Piet and the rotor arms in a landscape that could have hidden an army?

"Please, my baas," Ruskin whispered, in a pause in the talk. "I think Baas Piet will be over there."

He pointed to a *kopje* on rising ground about half a mile away. A long, swelling ridge ran up to gather into a knot of boulders at the top.

"You see, my baases," said Ruskin timidly, "Baas Piet will want to watch us. But he wouldn't go back along our trail. He'd want to go farther on, to a place none of us have been."

As soon as he'd said it, I knew that it was true, and I could have kissed Ruskin's big, black, ugly face.

I looked at the sun. It was nearly midday, and it would have been suicide to try to track anyone then. "Let's all get some sleep," I said. "At four o'clock we'll start hunting."

At quarter to four Shem called me. She was dressed in quieter colours and had a dark stetson on. "This is no job for a woman," I said. "I'm taking the professor and the boys."

Her face was vivid with excitement. "I think

this is a case where we'd better forget about sex and chivalry, and use horse-sense," she said. "I told you I know deserts, and I'm the only one bar you and Ruskin in this party that does. Those half-backs with the crew-cuts would be good boys in a straight scrap, but they're not going to help you much in this."

I knew she was telling me the truth because, even if Ruskin was right and Piet was in the *kopje*, someone had to get so close to him before he knew it that he wouldn't have time to throw those rotor arms away. To stalk a man like that in country you don't know isn't easy, and the more desert-trained eyes I had to help me, the more chance we had of living.

And so, when we started, Shem was with us. The other two girls and the professor's wife stayed in the camp. The two boys, the professor, and Ruskin with them to show them what to do, spread out in a long line that was to wait half an hour and then beat slowly towards the *kopje*, looking pretty obvious, without being too much so.

Shem and I, with the one rifle that we had, started at once on a long circle that would bring us round behind the *kopje*.

If things worked out, Piet would be watching the line slowly combing the ground towards him, while we crept up from behind, and it wouldn't be until we were dead close that there'd be much danger for us. In those last moments I'd see that Shem was out of it.

It was a primitive sort of plan, but I couldn't think of a better one, with the equipment to hand. And, in the way simple, primitive things sometimes do, it worked.

We'd been going nearly an hour before we got behind the *kopje*. It lifted above us in saw-toothed boulders and escarpments.

For five minutes we worked upwards, and away from each other. Every couple of seconds I'd take my eyes off the skyline of the *kopje* and look at Shem.

My heart stopped when she lifted her hand slowly and lay softly back against a slanting face of rock, pointing upwards, over her shoulder.

From where I was, it looked like just another rock. I took two soft steps upwards, and the

rock became the crown of a bush hat—with, under it, Piet's red, fleshy neck.

I slipped the rifle off my shoulder and cocked it as gently as you'd set a mousetrap. I was fifty yards away . . . maybe sixty. I couldn't miss a running rock rabbit at that range. The stock came up neat and snug against my cheek, and my finger began to tighten.

Then it stopped. There was a man at the other end of that gun sight, a living, breathing man. And inside a fraction of a second, if I pulled that trigger, he would be dead.

I lowered the rifle slowly, and wiped the sweat off my face. I could see Shem looking at me, and I wondered if she'd understand what I was thinking. I had to give Piet his chance.

I began creeping, while the sweat rolled in the channel of my back and down my thighs. It only needed a stone to slip and I'd throw all our lives away. *I'm mad*, I thought. *Stark mad*.

Thirty yards . . . twenty. Once Piet moved, but it was only to take a swig of water out of a bottle. Once he laughed. He must have been watching the others stalk him down in the plain below. He began to talk to himself, and I heard the word "gold" over and over again.

Ten yards . . . five . . . I laid the rifle down and felt for a round stone. Four yards . . . three. . . .

I had the stone now, and I came slowly to my feet until I was above and behind him, the stone poised. I twitched his hat off with my left hand and struck him behind the ear, and he fell sideways, very slowly, looking up at me in glazed astonishment as he fell.

It seemed a long time before I heard Shem's footsteps coming across the rocks. I looked up, and held out my hand with the three small rotor arms lying like jewels in my palm.

"There's life for you," I said. "Is it worth having, now that we've won it back?" And her eyes told me all the answer that I needed, and her lips, and her body, and the feel of her heart beating against mine.

AND I knew, as I held her, why I had let Piet live. Because he had given me Shem. For all his hatred and his madness, he had given me Shem.

"Callaghan," she was sobbing, over and over again. "Callaghan."

She didn't need to say any more. . . .

I still have nightmares about that journey back; of Piet raving mad with sun and whisky, strapped down to a camp-bed in the back of the supply truck, under the awning. I can still hear him screaming for water; for the water we'd all have given the swollen tongues out of our heads for; the water he had emptied into the sand.

Half a dozen times I thought we were beaten; that we'd never get out alive. But we made it; first to water, and then hell-for-leather for the nearest town, five hundred miles to the east. I swore I'd never set foot on the Kalahari again as long as I lived.

But even then I knew I didn't mean it. It's like taking a bad fall from a horse. The only thing is to climb back on. And so when Piet's trial was over, and he was safe away for his five-year stretch, Shem and I went back, with the professor and a couple of scientists from Pretoria.

Not that I can tell you much about what they found there. Shem and I weren't thinking of old cities. We were thinking of a new home; of a small ranch I knew of far away down near the Cape where we could hear the water running cool and clear at nights.

I can hear it now, as I sit on the veranda watching an amber moon ride up our African sky, while I wait for Shem to bring the coffee out. But what I'm remembering are those last three paces across the bleached, burning rock of the *kopje*, to where Piet sat with the rifle across his knees, and the feel of the stone in my hand as I swung it; and Shem's face as she came to me, life reborn in her eyes.

THE END

© Brian Cleeve, 1958

There's purchase tax to pay on life-saving drugs, but not on window blinds with peepholes in them. It's a topsy-turvy system where nearly everybody except the Chancellor loses. Dare he make changes in his new Budget?

Scrap these crazy taxes!

by GERALD NABARRO



Nabarro holds two piggy banks. The one a child hoards pennies in is more heavily taxed than the one a man keeps for his old razor blades. "Ridiculous," he says

MANY people laughed when I asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently why he made an invidious distinction between doorknocking nutcrackers and nutcracking doorknockers. But I was perfectly serious.

There is a fifteen per cent purchase tax on nutcrackers but none at all on doorknockers more than five inches in length. Certain manufacturers are therefore boring two screwholes in their nutcrackers and calling them doorknockers to evade the tax.

Thus, while nutcracking doorknockers, being doorknockers, are tax free, doorknocking nutcrackers, being nutcrackers, are not.

Purchase tax is a thoroughly bad tax. A war-time measure introduced by Sir John Anderson, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, its aim was to damp down all forms of consumption so that factory space, machinery and transport facilities could be devoted to the war effort.

It succeeded admirably in its purpose, and by the end of the war was bringing £250 million a year into the Exchequer.

Unfortunately, succeeding chancellors have never dared to scrap so lucrative a source of income.

Since I opened my campaign against the tax last November, examples of its operation have poured into my office.

Corsets are taxed; corset laces are tax free. Plastic doilies attract no tax but paper ones have to pay thirty per cent.

A corn-knife attracts ninety per cent—unless it has a metal handle which makes it tax free. A mirror for domestic human use is taxed at sixty per cent, but budgies are luckier—bird-cage mirrors attract only thirty per cent.

Some of the examples took me into weird territory. I discovered that fingerstalls, wrist- and ankle-straps are exempt from tax. But caps for projecting ears are taxed as haberdashery and chin-straps for correcting double chins are chargeable at ninety per cent.

Purchase tax is not a luxury tax. Office equipment, kitchen appliances, commercial vehicle chassis, drugs and medicines are all highly taxed.

In many cases, purchase tax penalizes progress. Old-fashioned carpet-beaters, carpet-sweepers and hand-operated washing-machines are taxed at fifteen per cent. On electric vacuum cleaners and electric washing-machines the public pays four times as much.

The government spent hundreds of thousands of pounds persuading motor-cyclists to wear crash helmets. At the same time it puts a tax on them, and on firemen's helmets as well, though

miners' and quarrymen's safety helmets bear no tax.

In some cases, the tax acts directly against declared government policy. Oil, for instance, has to be imported. It costs dollars and is subject to all kinds of political uncertainties. The more we use home-produced fuels such as coal and electricity and gas, which are mainly derived from coal, the better.

But there is a purchase tax of sixty per cent on gas and electric fires and water-heaters, whereas oil fires and water-heaters are tax free. Thus the government is encouraging the use of imported fuel and discouraging the use of home-produced fuel.

I believe it would be impossible for Britain to enter the Western European Common Market with the millstone of purchase tax hanging round the necks of our manufacturers.

The Germans, with only a small turnover tax on their home sales, would be at a tremendous advantage.

In spite of these objections, the fact remains that purchase tax now brings £500 million a year into the Treasury. If purchase tax is abolished, something will have to be put in its place.

I think that we should substitute a sales or turnover tax affecting a wider range of goods. The Americans, for instance, have a retail sales tax at a low rate which is charged to customers on every purchase they make.

The figures show that a five per cent tax of this kind on everything except such essentials as food, fuel and local authority expenditure, would bring in as much money as purchase tax.

It would be easy to collect, and, in my view, would be much more satisfactory than saddling shopkeepers with the responsibility of collecting the money.

Also it would ease the problems of the manufacturer. At present, these are baffling. A firm which makes artificial flowers pointed out to me recently that a spray for a hat carries a tax of ten per cent if sold with the hat, but sixty per cent if sold separately.

If the same spray is used on a cracker, it carries a thirty per cent tax. But if it is used to decorate a cake, the tax is sixty per cent.

Nor is that all. Sprays for window displays are tax free if they exceed certain measurements but if the same sprays are used for home decoration they are taxed at sixty per cent.

Truly, the purchase tax is the worst tax ever imposed on the British people. I say it must go and be replaced by a sales or a turnover tax, whichever is the easier to assess and collect, spread at a uniform rate.

THE END

Europe's

by RENÉ LECLER

*To get a man
they must take a
twirl on
the royal marriage
merry-go-round*

WHEN, in May, 1953, Princess Margaret attended the wedding of Princess Ragnhild of Norway to a handsome and wealthy commoner, she walked up to the bride to congratulate her after the ceremony and whispered: "You lucky duck!" This wistful comment from one princess to another finds an echo in the hearts of many of Europe's princesses today.

The spectacle of a royal princess marrying for love a man who has no title may be anathema to the royal mothers of Europe, but not to their daughters.

Now, as another summer heralds a new season of possible royal marriage permutations in Europe, one fact is inescapable: the market suffers from inflation, with too many princesses and too few bachelor princes.

There are now fifteen marriageable princesses of royal blood. Facing them under the stares of the dowagers are nine young, personable princes among whom there is only one unmarried king—Baudouin of the Belgians—and two future kings, Harald of Norway and Constantine of Greece. Another, Juan Carlos of Spain, has an even chance of sitting on a throne one day. The other five, close to a throne all their lives, have very little chance of ever sitting on one.

Since princes sometimes prefer to look for a partner among the untitled millions, some of Europe's beautiful fifteen have three choices: they can remain single, compete for the few eligible princes, or marry commoners. The latter plan is the obvious one, but there the course of true love is rarely straight, as witnessed by the recent on-off-on romance of Princess Margaretha of Sweden and Britain's Robin Douglas-Home. The Princess's uncle, Prince Bertil, himself a confirmed bachelor of forty-six, gave her this timely warning: "For a princess to fall in love is a tragedy."

Two of the fifteen young princesses will one day be queens in their own right—Beatrix of Holland and Margrethe of Denmark—and both must marry princes.

Beatrix is now twenty. The descendant of a long line of proud women of the House of Orange-Nassau, she will succeed her mother, Queen Juliana. At present she is a student at Leyden University. She is intelligent, vivacious and artistically gifted—she makes pottery and

princesses in search of husbands



The girls for whom marriage means protocol; 1, Astrid (Norway); 2, Alexandra; 3, Isabelle (France); 4, Margrethe (Denmark); 5, Beatrix (Netherlands); 6, Margaretha (Sweden); 7, Birgitta (Sweden); 8, Anne (France); 9, Maria Gabriella (Italy); 10, Sophie (Greece); 11, Irene (Netherlands); 12, Diane (France); 13, Maria del Pilar (Spain); 14, Desiree (Sweden)

paints water colours. Long ago she was taught to stand up for her rights. When she was in exile in Canada during the war and attended a girls' school in Ottawa, some of her companions made fun of her because her surname was Orange. In tears she asked her mother what she should do. Should she tell them about her ancestors? Juliana knew how to deal with the situation. When the next ragging took place the little Dutch girl for a moment forgot her royal upbringing and pitched in with the flat of her hand.

Now, like her mother, she is determined that her private life should never be mixed with her public duties. Not long ago when, contrary to the Dutch custom, one photographer tried to take a picture of her as she walked with friends in Leyden, Beatrix turned her back on him and said: "This is my back." Then, pirouetting around, she added: "This is what I look like from the front." Finally she grimaced and said: "This is what I look like when I am angry." The

photographer apologized. Today she works harder than most of her fellow students to make up for the time which she must spend on state duties. She drives her own car, has an allowance of £30,000 a year and spends a little of it on Latin-American dance records. Her choice of husband is extremely limited and so far no names have been mentioned.

Europe's other queen-to-be, eighteen-year-old Margrethe of Denmark, is a beautiful girl. Tall and fair-haired, she owes a great deal of her charm to her down-to-earth father, King Frederik. The Danes, who love Margrethe dearly, altered the succession law two years ago so that one day she could reign in her own right—the first queen in Denmark since the twelfth century. Margrethe has many ties with Britain and spent a year at school in Hampshire. Before that she used to cycle to school in Copenhagen every morning with a packet of sandwiches slung over her shoulder and, like the other girls, spent

part of her day cleaning the school. Once, when a prominent foreign visitor found her with a scarf over her head and a duster in her hand cleaning a classroom she said with a smile: "Have you come to interview the daily?"

She belongs to a happy, united royal family in which the weight of father's discipline is often felt. No Dane will ever forget the day some years ago when the King made a broadcast and, in the middle of it, was heard to say: "Take your feet off the table, Margrethe. . . ." At eighteen Margrethe is a little young to have her name linked with a potential husband. She is very friendly with Harald of Norway. Their countries speak similar languages, but they are close cousins and there are serious constitutional difficulties.

Two daughters of reigning kings, Astrid of Norway and Sophie of Greece, could theoretically marry commoners, and in Astrid's case the constitution allows her to marry without the King's consent. A typical Norwegian girl, Astrid is tall, good looking and of extremely independent temperament.

Her mother, Crown Princess Martha, died before her father, King Olav, came to the throne last year and Astrid has been Norway's first lady, acting as hostess to her father. Like Beatrix of Holland she is very artistic. Two years ago when the new liner Bergensfjord sailed on her maiden voyage, the saloon was decorated with sculptures made by the Princess.

Astrid likes straight talk and simplicity. Recently, when one woman kept asking her for just one piece of pottery from the royal studio, Astrid finally relented and offered to sell it—for a very large sum. Caught by her own snobbery the woman paid up and Astrid gave the money to charity. She now lives at Skaugum, a beautiful country house on the hills overlooking Oslo Fjord.

The name of Astrid holds tragic connotations for many people. They remember the beautiful Princess Astrid of Sweden who married King Leopold of the Belgians, only to lose her life in a car accident. The present Princess Astrid has patiently put up with rumours of an engagement to Baudouin, Leopold's son and Europe's only bachelor king. Last time she was asked

Continued on page 24

A short list of royal mates



Who are the young men most sought after by the royal mothers of Europe? Eminently eligible is King Baudouin of the Belgians, twenty-eight.

The Duke of Kent would be a fine catch for any princess, as would Prince Juan Carlos of Spain and Ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria.

Two future kings, Harald of Norway and Constantine of Greece, have still to choose their brides; bachelor princes without much chance of a throne are Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Prince Ingolf, nephew of the King of Denmark, and Prince Charles, younger son of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. Prince Albert of Belgium is unlikely ever to succeed to the throne of Belgium.

The cream of the royal bachelors; 1, ex-king Simeon; 2, King Baudouin; 3, Albert; 4, Juan Carlos; 5, Victor Emmanuel; 6, Harald; 7, Constantine; 8, Ingolf; 9, Charles

IN SHORT

Once Bitten

Cats like me, be they known or strange,
Especially the ones with mange.
They love to leap into my lap
And settle for a nice long nap,
And when at last they leave my chair
They're generous indeed with hair.

Cats like me—those at least with paws
Equipped with extra-pointed claws.
They never miss a single chance
To frolic with my Sunday pants,
And do their best to make my serge
Look just like tweeds, or on the verge.

Cats like me, that is very clear,
And probably they think it's queer
That when they've shown themselves so fond,
I don't respond.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Men At The Door

How should I deal tactfully with a pleasant-spoken man who wants to sell me a brush specially shaped for cleaning behind the backs of old grandfather clocks?

Tell him you *have* no grandfather clocks.
Yes, but what if he then reverses the head of the brush by means of a simple mechanism and shows me that it is now ideal for

Starke's Guide To Gardening



"There is no gardening enthusiast quite like a woman. Why not ease your labours by encouraging your dear one to take it up seriously?"

getting at cobwebs in the interstices of spring mattresses?

Since it is a dual-purpose brush, which you would be able to use in one capacity only, you can safely offer him half-price, which he will refuse.

I tried that, and he immediately whipped out a single-purpose brush, for spring mattresses only. I was dished, wasn't I?

Yes. You should never have entered into conversation with the man in the first place. You should have said, "Not today, thank you," and shut the door.

How can I do that when he gives me the impression that he has one last brush to dispose of, and if he can only sell that he will be at liberty to return to his lonely wife and children.

You are getting confused. It is Breton onion-men who bring one string only to the door and speak longingly of the old homestead across the seas. Actually they have another hundredweight or so draped over the handlebars of their bicycle just round the corner, the rascals.

Well, they've got their living to earn, the same as anyone else. I suppose you are the kind of man who thinks it clever to bang the door in the face of a fellow-creature who's been tramping the streets from dawn to dusk—

Don't you dare speak to me like that, madam. Only yesterday, I'd have you know, I gave eight and sixpence for a brush specially shaped for dusting behind the backs of unwanted strings of onions.

In that case, perhaps I can interest you—
Not today, thank you.

A. R. MERTON

Just Published

Guests on arrival [at a cocktail party] will drift automatically towards the left side of the reception floor. This leftward set of the tide has an interesting and partly biological explanation. The heart is (or, to be exact, appears to be) on the left side of the body. In the more primitive forms of warfare some type of shield is therefore used to protect the left side, leaving the offensive weapon to be held in the right hand.

The normal offensive weapon was the sword, worn in a scabbard or sheath. If the sword was

to be wielded in the right hand, the scabbard would have to be worn on the left side. With a scabbard worn on the left, it became physically impossible to mount a horse on the offside unless intending to face the tail—which was not the normal practice. But if you mount on the near side, you will want to have your horse on the left of the road, so that you are clear of the traffic while mounting.

It therefore becomes natural and proper to keep to the left, the contrary practice (as adopted in some backward countries) being totally opposed to all the deepest historical instincts. Free of arbitrary traffic rules the normal human being swings to the left.

Parkinson's Law Or The Pursuit of Progress, by C. Northcote Parkinson, published by John Murray.

Signs Of Spring

Poets many times have sung
Of spring and of its flowers,
Daffodils and crocuses,
March winds and April showers.

Lambs are playing in the fields,
The trees put on their new garb.
But most of all I like to see
Those first pink shoots of rhubarb.

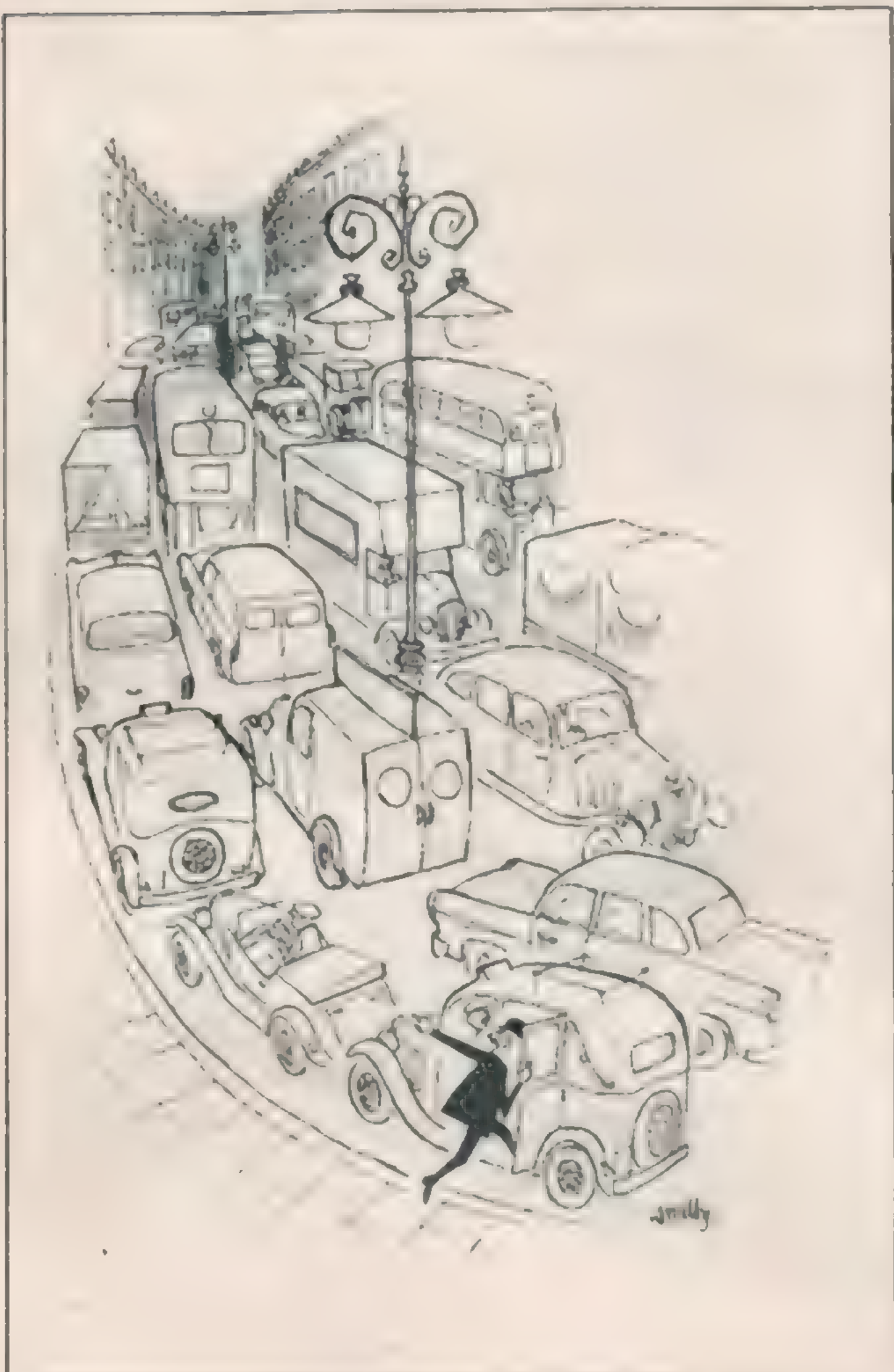
H. G. BUTTON

Foreign Affairs

The surprise in Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony is a sudden loud chord for the full orchestra. Rehearsing this work, players of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra left out the big chord by prearranged plan. Russian conductor Nikolai Malko delivered his frenzied down-beat in complete silence.

A passenger stopped a Canadian train near Toronto and demanded a police search when he discovered a \$500 (£180) cheque was missing. Two mounties found the cheque—on his wife.

People taking rides in American taxis have only one topic of conversation nowadays, so one irritated Chicago driver has put up this notice: "I will donate ten per cent of your fare to handicapped children if you will sit back, relax and do not discuss the recession."



*You daren't rock the
boat when racing
your own canoe. Angry
swans or a rusty
nail can mean disaster*



Dick Waterhouse (dark vest) won last year's Poole Harbour event—a race noted for rough going



After a race Waterhouse and his wife fix his canoe to the roof of their car. He has six canoes, and the car can carry two



Waterhouse bales out his canoe. Once, when his boat sank, he ripped a hole in the deck so that he could drain it and finish the race



Before a race Waterhouse studies a map of the course. He took his son (left) to sea in a canoe when he was four—and the boat sank

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Mad as Eskimos

by ROBERT HOLLES

THREE miles from the finish of the Chelmsford long-distance canoe race last June, Dick Waterhouse was lying second, three minutes behind the leader and hard pressed from behind by Ray Blick, a British Olympic canoeist.

For ten gruelling miles Waterhouse had paddled along narrow, twisting waterways, manhandling his craft over nine "portages" where locks and other obstructions impeded progress on the water.

At a branch of the Blackwater Canal he took the wrong turning and entered a reed-choked cul-de-sac. In his haste to turn round he capsized the canoe, which filled with water. Struggling to the bank he managed to beach the boat, but he was unable to drain the water until he had ripped a hole in the deck.

Trying to get the canoe afloat once more, he trod on a rotting baulk of timber which was studded with rusting nails and concealed under the shallow water; one of the nails was driven into his foot.

Waterhouse, a tough and spry chemist from Deal and an outstanding canoeist, considers that his experiences were part of the sport's normal hazards.

Long-distance canoe racing takes place over distances ranging from twelve to twenty-five miles, on rivers, canals, tidal estuaries and the open sea. Each race attracts an average entry of thirty to forty amateur canoe-racing enthusiasts, many of them using boats which they have built themselves.

During the last five years the sport has developed rapidly. In 1952 the only annual long-distance race to be held regularly, apart from the 127-mile Devizes to Westminster "marathon," was the London River race in October. The calendar of official races has now reached fifteen and is still expanding.

In 1956 the British Canoe Union took over organization on a national basis and put up a trophy for the best annual performance. Waterhouse, winner of three races that year, was narrowly beaten into second place by Charles Gautier, a canoeist from Weston-super-Mare. In 1957 he won the trophy.

Each course has its individual hazards. At Mersea the competitors have to scramble, with their canoes, across a busy main road. In the London River event there is a danger from

jetsam and other craft in the river. The Birmingham race, held on the Stratford-on-Avon and Grand Union canals, has twenty-three portages along its twenty-one miles.

At his first appearance there, Waterhouse found himself paddling into a long and sinister tunnel. "It was very eerie and dark inside and I could see only a tiny white spot in the distance, which increased to a frightening glare of daylight."

Farther on he came to a small, hand-operated bridge, which had to be raised to allow canoes underneath. "The two boys who were stationed there hardly had the strength to lift it," says Waterhouse. "When it was half-way up they let it drop."

The bridge fell across the bows of his canoe, trapping it. He lost vital minutes getting it free.

Waterhouse has six canoes and before each event he carefully prepares the one that he considers most suitable for the conditions.

At the Bedford to St. Neots race in 1955, the directional fin on his canoe was wrenched off in a clump of roots and he finished second. Waterhouse noted that the level of the water was very low and, determined to win the event in the following year, he constructed a canoe specifically to meet the hazards of the course. The work took longer than he had planned and he was still putting the finishing touches to the canoe at 4 a.m. on the day of the race.

Arriving at Bedford with a quarter of an hour to spare he found that the water was lower than ever. Most of his fellow competitors were obliged to jump into the river during the race and drag their craft over its shallower reaches. Many of the thirty-three starters lost their rudders; two canoes were so severely damaged that they failed to complete the course.

At one point in the race Waterhouse was paddling with several other canoeists through tall reeds which choked the waterway and obscured the view ahead. Swans, nesting on nearby islands, circled the canoes aggressively, and one of them jumped hissing on to the deck of the canoe nearest Waterhouse. "It was gingerly dislodged with a paddle."

The light construction and shallow draught of Waterhouse's canoe enabled him to keep out of trouble and he won the race by six minutes.

While racing Waterhouse feeds himself

Continued on page 30

Red

by *EMRYS BRYSON*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Miss Brownham, fresh as a water-lily, eyed the perspiring Rigby. "You look most uncomfortable," she said. He felt as if he had been caught in his bath



hair for danger

*Arthur didn't want to fight anybody . . . least
of all the cinema's warrior-queen of ballyhoo*

ARTHUR RIGBY, manager of the Metropole Cinema, soon realized that he wasn't going to get on with the new manager of the Rio. "You just don't have women managers," he complained. But he went across, as a matter of professional courtesy, to welcome Margaret Brownham on her first night of duty.

Miss Brownham stood in her foyer, trim enough in the nearest approach possible to male evening dress—a neat, black tailored suit over a crisp white blouse. Rigby had to admit that she was attractive, with that flame-coloured hair framing her oval face. She smoked on the job—that was a point against her—but she carried her ebony cigarette holder elegantly. . . .

"Miss Brownham," Rigby said, holding out his hand. "I'm Arthur Rigby. Metropole—just down the street."

Her answering clasp was cool and firm, and he felt a trifle uneasy as her clear eyes regarded him steadily, taking his measure.

"Wondered if you were getting along all right now," Rigby continued awkwardly.

"Now?" Her voice had a tinge of irony, he thought.

"Well," he stumbled. "It just occurred to me—well—a fresh town and all that . . . coping. . . ."

"Mr. Rigby," Margaret Brownham replied levelly. "I coped with four cinemas in London before I decided to come to Stapton."

"Oh!" Rigby said lamely. "I wondered, that's all." He had never been good at this sort of thing. Women usually left him feeling vaguely nonplussed, like a big, gawky schoolboy. That was what came of being a thirty-five year old bachelor with more interest in fishing than in women.

He would have to do his fishing alone, now that Jimmy Wilkinson had packed in. No longer would he meet the Rio's gruff old manager at their favourite rendezvous along the river bank. No more would the two men slip out over the fields from the town, pockets stuffed full with bread and cheese, for their morning and Sunday sport. No more snatched afternoons.

With waves of nostalgia sweeping over him for the hours of pipe-puffing, silent companionship as their red floats rode the current, Rigby wished even more fervently that Jimmy hadn't gone. They'd understood one another, he and Jimmy. The difference in their ages hadn't mattered. Jointly they had evolved a peaceful routine in which the management of their respective cinemas had taken on a leisurely flow, like their beloved river.

"Why cut each other's throat in a town this size?" ran their philosophy. "There are enough people in Stapton for both of us. If they don't like the Western at the Rio, then they'll settle for two bobs' worth of love at the Metropole. . . ."

Between them, the two fishermen managers

had convinced their head offices that Stapton's cinema-going habits were rooted in perpetuity. But now Jimmy had gone fishing elsewhere, retired at the stroke of sixty-five to a stream where salmon leaped almost into your arms. And he had left the Rio wide open to this woman. . . .

"It's not woman's work," Rigby told himself again. "What female can stand in the foyer for hours every night? What about staffing, and awkward customers, and all the paper work, and banking . . . ?"

But he remembered the Brownham woman's handshake, the air of trim confidence, and his wishful arguments seemed to wilt like old balloons.

At his time of life he had to come up against a career woman. . . .

For three weeks after her arrival, Rigby waited, disconcertingly tense, to see if anything would happen at the Rio. He asked his doorman, his projectionist, his usherettes if they had picked up any gossip from the Rio staff about changes. Things were evidently going along as smoothly as in Jimmy's régime.

A stir of hope moved inside him, a definite feeling that the impossible had happened. This efficient coper with four London cinemas had recognized the charm of Stapton and didn't want, after all, to alter it.

Rigby breathed with relief, slung his rods round him for an afternoon on the river, and revelled in the contentment that bubbled up again. He even forgave Miss Brownham that cigarette holder.

He was trudging back up the High Street with a gratifyingly full creel to get ready for the evening's show when he met the slave girl. She was walking sedately in the gutter, a well-rounded figure in silky, semi-transparent Turkish trousers and coy veil. On her ankles jingled light gold fetters.

Behind her towered a huge keeper of the harem. Although Rigby recognized him, under the cork blacking and voluminous robes, as Charlie Smullen, Stapton's jobbing gardener and handyman, there was no doubt that he cut an effective picture. A jewelled scimitar stuck out of a blue cummerbund around his vast waist, the plume of his scarlet turban nodded proudly, and he made great play at cracking his long whip over the head of the slave.

As they passed him, Rigby read the placard on the back of the harem keeper's cloak:

I'M TAKING HER TO SEE
"A MONTH OF ARABIAN NIGHTS"
AT THE RIO CINEMA NEXT WEEK!!
WHY NOT BRING YOUR GIRL . . . ?

The bus queues and shoppers of Stapton's tea-time crowds watched open-mouthed as the couple shuffled along, giggling and whip-cracking. Clutching the straps of the creel, Rigby stared after them for a long time, listening to the whip



"That'll only scare the fish," a voice said. Rigby looked up indignantly. The Brownham woman had found his hideout . . .

lashes echoing like the first shots in the battle he knew had come.

He went up to the Rio during the run of *A Month Of Arabian Nights* out of sheer curiosity and anxiety. Cautiously keeping out of sight of Margaret Brownham as she stood smoking smugly in the foyer, he eyed the display with misgiving.

Above the canopy of the cinema, where normally was lettered modestly the title of the film and hours of screening, a gigantic cardboard cut-out of a sultan reared on a white charger. Across his saddle was sprawled a curvy white woman, evidently not completely averse to being carried off so dramatically. The cash desk had been transformed with papier mâché into an Eastern mosque, under the dome of which the Rio's bespectacled cashier dispensed tickets through a slit of window.

Charlie Smullen's harem keeper's costume had now passed on to the doorman; each usherette was tricked out in a gauzy yashmak and stylish turban, and garish placards of moments from *A Month Of Arabian Nights* were on display.

"Vulgar," breathed Rigby. "Cheap ostentation." But, filled as he was with dismay at the exhibition, he had to admit that the Brownham woman had fired off her opening salvo with devastating accuracy. The townsfolk of Stapton were thronging to her cinema.

It took Rigby time to gear himself for retaliation. But when the manager of the Rio had sent a bunch of six convicts in striped uniforms round the town, carrying chained balls spelling out *Condemned Cell*, and had released a shower of balloons bearing free tickets for *Pacific Flight*, he was forced into action.

For a time he clung to the hope that the level-headed citizens of Stapton would reject these

eye-catching stunts and assert their natural good taste. But the fools actually swarmed towards the Rio even when the Metropole was showing a first-rate film. It would not be long before his circuit chiefs were on to him.

Gloomily he leafed through the exhibitors' campaign sheets.

Lurid things they were, an explosion of screaming slogans and fluorescent adjectives. On expensive art paper, they splashed stills from the film, buried a synopsis of the story, boosted the profiles of the stars, and roared out the background statistics of production (Ten thousand extras, 245 lions, 40,000 hand-forged spears and shields!!!).

Rigby flipped through the exploitation advice for *Galeus The Centurion*. It contained enough bright ideas for Margaret Brownham herself.

Get shopkeepers to advertise in the local paper on these lines: "If 'Galeus The Centurion' lived in (your town) he would buy his sausages at Bloggs, Market Street."

If there is a zoo in your vicinity, it will be only too glad to lend you a lion for your foyer display. Label your cage, "Yummy, let me get into that arena."

Rigby sighed and finally chose a few safe cardboard cut-outs and handbills. Then, remembering his rival's first impact with *A Month Of Arabian Nights*, he thought of Charlie Smullen.

A fortnight later Rigby saw with relief that the transformation of the jobbing gardener into *Galeus The Centurion* was going to be a success.

Charlie pranced regally up and down when the outfit arrived from the costumiers. With cloak swirling and helmet crest bristling majestically, Charlie strode from the Metropole impaling handbills on his short sword and jabbing them at awestruck passers-by.

When *Galeus The Centurion* began its week at the Metropole, Rigby knew that his venture into spectacular publicity had worked. It came at a time when the Rio's offering was uninspired; Rigby felt a flush of success.

Every evening, at 3s. an hour, Charlie Smullen stood guard in the foyer before the cardboard panorama of a Roman amphitheatre.

It gave Rigby a certain amount of pleasure to stand in the foyer that week, eyes sharpened for a glimpse of Margaret Brownham. But Saturday arrived and still he had not seen her. And on that evening, inevitably the heaviest attended of the week, the glorious member of the Fifth Cohort put a garden fork through his toe and failed to turn up.

For a weighty while Rigby scratched his head over the outsized accoutrements of *Galeus The Centurion*. Then he drew a deep breath and reached for the make-up bottle. . . .

SHE said: "Why, if it isn't Mr. Rigby."

Rigby closed his eyes and gulped an anguished smile. The Brownham woman had at last come into his foyer. She looked as fresh as a water-lily.

"You look most uncomfortable," she said, pity in her voice.

Rigby tried to appear unconcerned, but it was difficult, dressed like a fugitive from a fancy-dress ball.

"I must congratulate you on your display here," said the Rio manager, drawing coolly at her ebony holder. "Very," she cast another glance over his figure, "very atmospheric. . . ."

The perspiring Rigby wrapped his cloak more closely round him. He felt as if he had been caught in his bath.

"Have you been standing here all week?" Margaret Brownham asked.

She smiled and it grated on him. "No, I haven't," he replied stiffly. "I've taken over from my regular man, Charlie Smullen—I believe you know him," he added pointedly.

"Ah, yes," she retorted lightly. "A fine figure of a man, Charles. A fine figure. Well, good night, Mr. Rigby. Don't catch cold." She smiled once more, blew a smoke ring and left.

Rigby waited until she was out of sight, turned and raced up to his office as fast as was befitting to a centurion, and began to rip off the armour of the Roman Empire. . . .

The following week Margaret Brownham launched her attack on the

children of Stapton by organizing a Saturday morning club—the Rio Juniors. Rigby counter-attacked by forming the Metropole Minors. It meant sacrificing a precious morning down by the river and struggling with youngsters who scampered along the aisles hurling paper darts.

By the time *Watchdogs Of The Sea* came to the Metropole, Rigby had developed a resignation to publicity stunts. Now that the shock of the Brownham woman's tactics was blunted, he grudgingly credited her enterprise. Perhaps the place—and himself—had needed a little livening up after all.

His circuit, too, was beginning to sit up. At first, puzzled by the sudden spurt of activity from the Metropole, they regarded the attendance returns with pleasure. Now that he was in the eye of head office, Rigby knew there would be no escaping it. Already he was getting advice on bigger and better ideas of campaign. A letter drawing his attention to the potentialities of *Watchdogs Of The Sea* made it clear that something special was expected.

Heartened by the fact that *Watchdogs Of The Sea* was the film almost chosen for the Royal Film Performance, Rigby went briskly about

glided down, still nobly erect on the launching platform.

They and the lifeboat hit the water simultaneously. . . .

Rigby hunched moodily on his river bank and watched with blank eyes the tip of his gently swaying float. His mind churned with dislike for the woman who had, even if indirectly, landed him in the fiasco of the previous evening. He hurled groundbait savagely into the river.

"That'll only scare the fish," said a voice behind him.

Rigby looked up and experienced a flare of indignation that the Brownham woman should have found his hideout.

"I know damn well it will," he snapped, fiercely unreasonable.

He gritted his teeth, waiting for her to try to show that she knew all about fishing, too.

There was a rustle as she sat down beside him. Out of the corner of his eye as he reeled in for another cast, he could see that, in a gay sweater and skirt instead of the severe black suit, she was much less formidable. Her voice also seemed softer. "I came to say how sorry I am about last night."

Irritably he jerked his fresh-baited

the platform down. He joined my Saturday club only last week. He came over from the Rio Juniors. . . .

"So?"

"So I say it's very funny that things turned out the way they did on an important premiere like that."

Her cheeks flushed as red as her hair, and her tentative friendliness was replaced by an icy dignity as she rose.

"That's an awful thing to say," she told him. "If you believe I had anything to do with the mayor and mayoress getting half-drowned in the Metropole, then you—you've been seeing too many films lately."

She turned her back on him and scrambled up towards the path. . . .

FOR a few days Rigby nursed a righteous indignation about Margaret Brownham and the lifeboat incident. His suspicion of sabotage became a certainty.

But when the laughter that had swept Stapton had died, and he had been assured by the mayor and mayoress that their ducking was forgiven and forgotten, his natural good nature pushed its way back. After all, she had gone to all that trouble to seek him out and offer condolence.

"Crocodile tears, though," he sniffed. All the same he began to turn over excuses to make sure.

A fire at the Rio afforded him the opportunity. Rigby got the news as he was balancing the cash after the last house for *Mutiny In The Clouds*. Nothing serious, they said, just a few bales of straw in the foyer for a motor-racing epic, *Ten Laps To Hell*.

He slipped a coat over his dress suit and walked up to the Rio. . . .

It was all over. Even the fire brigade had clanged away, leaving the foyer sodden, bedraggled and littered with a charred mess of straw. He found Margaret Brownham standing in the middle, mop in hand, directing the cleaning-up operations of her usherettes. Her neat black suit was splashed, her white blouse soiled, her hair falling loosely. Rigby felt a sudden stab of admiration.

But when she saw him, Margaret Brownham smiled immediately.

"Nice of you to come along."

He felt a bubble of shame then that she did not regard him in the rôle of counter-saboteur. He picked up a spare mop and worked side by side with her, sloshing the dirty water vigorously into a bucket to hide his emotion.

"What about the patrons?" he asked.

"They'd all gone home. I suppose the last one flicked a cigarette end on to a bale."

He realized that it was the only time he had seen her without her ebony holder.

"I should have thought you'd have been smoking like a chimney at a time like this," he commented.

"I think I've stopped smoking," she smiled quietly. "All kinds of things can happen through smoking." She stopped mopping to wave an arm round the foyer, a sweep which, curiously, included him and herself. "Why, just look what a cigarette has done here. . . ."

He regarded her face, now roundly impish instead of oval and managerial. The fire, he could see, had been no accident.

"Your head office isn't going to be too pleased," he warned.

"My head office might discourage me from publicity campaigns. . . .?"

"Very likely."

"Then, Mr. Rigby, it looks very much as though I shall have to take up a hobby or something, doesn't it?"

Rigby dabbed at a puddle, his bachelor heart thumping in a most unsteady manner. "Margaret," he stammered, "I—I could teach you how to fish. I've got a spare rod. We could start tomorrow. In the morning. . . ."

"Then in the morning," said the manager of the Rio, "we'll make it a double-feature programme. . . ."

Together they went on clearing up the burned, wet remnants of Margaret Brownham's final and most successful campaign.

THE END
© Emrys Bryson, 1958



the business of the premiere in Stapton. He invited the mayor and mayoress and other civic dignitaries; he decided to risk the drum and bugle band of the Stapton Sea Cadets; he distributed complimentary tickets to the Royal Naval Old Comrades' Association.

But the *pièce de résistance* was to be the launching.

The film was a tribute to the men of the lifeboat service and, to raise money for them, it was Rigby's idea to rig up a water tank twenty feet long in the foyer. Running down into this was a miniature slipway. The headquarters of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution sent him a scale model, four feet long, of a lifeboat into which the public could toss coins.

The premiere went well. The Old Comrades had polished up their medals. The guard of honour of Sea Cadets were scrubbed like apples. The buglers licked their lips ready for the fanfare.

Immaculate in evening dress, Rigby welcomed the mayor and mayoress and escorted them as far as the foot of the wooden platform that overhung the tank. The mayoress, toying with a tiny bottle of champagne hung on a red, white and blue ribbon, summoned up as much dignity as if she were launching a dreadnought, and smacked the bottle against the little lifeboat.

A modest cheer straggled from the onlookers, the boat moved down the slipway, the buglers of the Stapton Sea Cadets moved forward for the fanfare.

But one of the boys walked straight into one of the key struts supporting the platform. As if in slow motion, to the accompaniment of a strangled blare of bugles, the mayor and mayoress

hook out into the current. "I don't need sympathy from anybody, thank you," he heard himself snarl.

Margaret Brownham was silent. Then she said quietly: "Are you blaming me for it, in some way?"

Rigby turned angrily on her. "Listen, Miss Brownham," he said, finding his usual awkwardness with women gone. "Before you arrived Stapton was a quiet little place for me. Jimmy Wilkinson and I did our jobs without the fuss you're making, and got a little happiness as well. Jimmy and I were friends, too."

"Is that any reason why we shouldn't be?"

"You've not exactly acted as if you wanted it like that."

"No," she admitted. "Perhaps not. But you see, Mr. Rigby, I've always been used to fierce competition in my other cinemas. And—and I suppose I have got into the habit of fighting back automatically. It's not always easy, being a woman manager."

Rigby was in no mood to care about her problems. He stared at the river.

"I dare say," she continued, "you'd never have gone in for campaigns if I hadn't started."

"No. And if there are any more like last night it looks as if I shall be out on my neck as well."

"I'm terribly sorry."

Rigby's float ducked: he struck his line sharply but the hook came floating back to him empty. The frustration finally exploded the powder keg that had been stored in his mind since the previous evening.

"Are you?" He faced her squarely. "I remember that boy who brought



Sticks drawn, the mounties push back Glasgow fans in a football stampede

Glasgow's galloping crowd-busters

by ALAN LLOYD

From the saddle stretches a powerful arm of the law. The mounties can catch a thief or quell a riot

THE blizzard arrived suddenly, enveloping Cathkin Park football ground, Glasgow, early in the afternoon. Thousands of Third Lanark and Celtic supporters who had filed through the turnstiles for several hours watched the pitch change colour from green to white.

At three o'clock it was announced that the match was off. By this time it had stopped snowing. With a roar of disapproval a large and angry section of the crowd pushed the grounds-men aside, descended from the terraces to the field and began to hurl snowballs at the stadium fittings.

Unable to control the situation, the foot police on duty at the ground sent an SOS to mounted men who were posted outside.

"I led a posse of six through the gate and on to the pitch," says Inspector John Brock, who is in charge of Glasgow's mounted police. "Almost before we were inside an ice-hard snowball struck me on the chest. I thought we were in for a tricky time.

"Behind me a mounted man was struck by another snowball. He shouted: 'All the fun of the nursery slopes.' The gag must have tickled the crowd. Immediately the tension eased, no more snowballs were thrown, and we were able to joke and kid everyone back to the terraces without further incident. Meanwhile reinforcements of foot police had been rushed to the scene. They cleared the ground."

Brock, a mild, merry-eyed Scot who resembles Yul Brynner with hair, believes that a combination of good nature and a sense of humour, mounted on a police horse, is the best antidote that has yet been found for the hysteria which is always a threat in a large crowd of people. He has never ordered his men to draw their long, purposeful batons.

During the football season Brock's mounties regularly play a major part after big matches in clearing Hampden Park's 135,000 spectators, its car park for three thousand cars and five hundred buses, and the hundreds of vehicles left nearby, in an average time of half an hour.

When the queue for one big soccer match grew restless and irritable after hours of waiting on a sticky day, an aggressive Glaswegian, his

waistcoat buttons ripped open and his tie awry, complained in abusive terms that Brock's horse had stepped on his foot and injured him.

Brock let the man rant on until he was almost up to the gate, then suggested benevolently: "I think we'd better take you to hospital and get your foot looked at." Smiles replaced scowls in the crowd as the man hastily passed through the turnstile.

At Firhill football ground last August a horse that stumbled and lost its footing was wedged so tightly among the crowd that it was held up by the people round it. About three complaints are received officially each year of people being hurt by the horses.

When objections are raised to the use of mounted police for this reason, Brock replies that the number of injuries, and possibly fatalities, that his men prevent is substantially greater. Dozens of people could be crushed in minutes, he says, if a crowd got out of hand.

Though mounted men, due to their height in the saddle and their mobility, are considered to be best employed controlling crowds and areas prone to traffic congestion, Glasgow's mounties tackle any police duty that comes their way. They have caught thieves, chased drunken drivers, helped to marshal a flock of sheep through the city, and carried fainting women and exhausted children to safety on their saddles.

Last year the mounties reported over a hundred cases for summons, made eleven apprehensions, dealt with 114 accidents, and, in addition to each man's normal patrol duty of four hours a day, attended seventy-one football matches and thirty-five parades. "Our work leaves no time for tent pegging, trick rides, or other forms of showmanship," says Brock.

Glasgow, with twenty men and twenty-four horses, is the fifth largest of Britain's twenty-six mounted police branches which, combined, could provide a mounted force of about 440 men.

When one of Brock's sergeants saw a man jump off Glasgow suspension bridge into the Clyde, he spurred his horse to a gallop along the bank to a river police depot and raised the alarm. A launch was sent out, and the man was hauled aboard shivering, but otherwise none the worse.

Another time a mounted man reined in his



This is the manoeuvre used to arrest trouble-makers during Glasgow Rangers-Celtic games

horse to stop it nuzzling in a nosebag on the rear of a horse-drawn delivery wagon. Artfully the police horse inched back close to the vehicle then made a sudden grab for the bag, which fell to the ground.

To the amazement of the policeman it contained a small quantity of oats and a large quantity of nylon stockings. The driver was later arrested. His company had been missing stockings regularly for more than a year.

One mounted constable, riding well into the side of a main Glasgow street, saw a man's note case snap open as he ran in front of the horse to catch a tram. Dozens of bank notes scattered on to the ground while, oblivious of what had happened, the owner of the case jumped aboard the tram and went upstairs. The policeman dismounted and chased the notes. Passers-by helped him.

Eventually, with £108 in his pocket, he looked round for his horse. It was still standing where he had left it. When the owner of the money later claimed his property he told the police that every note had been recovered.

Another mountie joined the pursuit of a shop lifter down a side street, ducked his head and rode through the door of a building in which the man had gone to ground, then jammed his quarry between the horse and a stairway.

One of the largest crowds ever to pack

Continued on page 34



As Henry helped Albrecht up between them, Cynthia found that she could not look. She turned away and laid her head a

Henry was helpless . . . and Cynthia held the knife. With a few quick stabs she could be rid of him for ever

THE CAVES OF NIGHT

by JOHN CHRISTOPHER

ILLUSTRATED BY HANTS

CYNTHIA HERRIN was afraid. With her husband Henry and three friends, she was trapped in a maze of underground caves. She felt that they were going to die without ever seeing sunlight again. . . .

The Herrins were on holiday at Frohnberg, in Austria. Staying at the same inn were Heather and Peter Allen, a young honeymoon couple. While Henry, a keen pot-holer, explored the local caves, Cynthia and the Allens enjoyed the hospitality of the local landowner, Albrecht, the Graf Frohnberg.

Within a week Cynthia and Albrecht were violently in love—but it now looked as though their *affaire* would be a short one. . . . While Henry was showing the others the caves, a thoughtless action by Peter had brought a wall crashing down, sealing off the exit. Now their only chance of survival was in finding a way—if there was a way—through the heart of the mountain to the famous caves of Liedl on the far side.

They had been underground for a gruelling twenty-four hours when they reached the bank of a raging subterranean torrent. In the echoing cave the noise of the water was stupefying.

Henry, as usual, went first. He completed the hazardous crossing safely and fixed a life-line for the others. Peter went next, carrying Heather on his back. Half-way across a stone turned under his foot. He slipped, lost his grip on the rope, and fell. Heather tried to save him, but they were both swept away.

Cynthia buried her head on Albrecht's shoulder, but after a moment of frozen horror she turned to the rope. She knew she must face the maelstrom at once, before it unnerved her completely. Stepping down into the seething water, she felt her way out along the rope, numb with fear, conscious of nothing but the thrusting, tearing pressure against her legs.

Then suddenly she was across. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Trek Upstream

HER back against the rock face, Cynthia sat unmoving, while Albrecht crossed the fall. She heard Henry say: "What happened? I couldn't see very well."

"Peter lost his footing," Albrecht said. "When he fell, Heather unloosed herself from the life-line and dived in."

"Why did you let him go unroped?"

"He said that, carrying Heather, it was not possible."

Henry said bitterly: "Yes, she couldn't be allowed to get her feet wet. As a result, he drowns himself and her."

Cynthia spoke at last. She said, in weary protest: "They're dead. Isn't that enough?"

"It should have been," Henry said, "but it isn't. Heather had the haversack." He went on impatiently: "We can do without the food. It's light I'm concerned about. The spare batteries and acetylene charges were in that pack, and most of the candles and matches. I've got a couple of candles and a box of matches in my pocket. There's perhaps an hour's charge in the acetylene lamp, and double that in my headlamp. What do you think about your torch, Albrecht?"

"Not long, I think. Less than an hour."

"We'd better try to save the acetylene lamp as long as

possible." Henry doused the lamp, and they were in pitch darkness. "I think your torch is most easily expendable, Albrecht. Try to use it in short bursts. Cynthia's still roped—you tie yourself on the line in front and I'll do the same behind."

"You wish us to be on a life-line?"

"Yes. From now on, as long as we're on the move."

"What's different now?" Cynthia asked.

"Simply that we've lost the ones who were most likely to drag everybody over a cliff. All the same, you'd better take this."

"Your knife!" she exclaimed. "But why give it to me?"

"You may need it. You're Number Two on the rope."

Logic suddenly collapsed in the ruins of its towering lunacy as she saw what he meant.

"It might not be me that slips," Henry said. "It might be Albrecht." He turned to Albrecht. "You'd better have one of the candles. You've your lighter, so I'll keep the matches. Well, are we all ready to carry on?"

The ledge continued upstream along the river and they made good progress, Albrecht continually clicking his torch on and off. They had been on the move for perhaps half an hour when the ledge ended in a tangle of broken rock dropping down to the bubbling water. Henry sat on the ledge and gradually eased himself down. When he at last let go of the rock and stood up the water was still some distance below the top of his rubber boots.

"Right," he called. "You next, Cyn."

Cynthia and then Albrecht joined him in the river, and they continued their trek upstream. But it was ten times harder now, moving against the sullen weight of water.

As Cynthia stumbled forward, the desire to stop struggling and let the river take her where it willed began to rise like the anticipation of a secret pleasure. If only she were not roped, she told herself, how easy it would be to let herself slip silently away.

Then she heard Albrecht call something, and heard Henry reply. She continued to stumble forward, and found herself being held by somebody. It must be Albrecht, she decided, as he had a torch in one hand. Then Henry came up and also helped to support her.

She was aware of them lifting her, and suddenly vividly conscious that there was no more pressure against her legs. They let her down, and there was bliss in feeling flat rock beneath her, supporting her body.

Henry said: "We're still having some luck. I don't think Cynthia could have gone another ten yards. For that matter, I don't think I could."

"We are all so tired," Albrecht said. "I think we must sleep here."

"I'm not sure about that. Shine your torch."

Cynthia opened her eyes to see the yellowing light reflected from a ceiling only a few feet above her. They were in a kind of alcove that lay alongside the river.

Albrecht said: "The torch is nearly done."

"If the river rises suddenly," Henry said, "we'll be drowned like rats."

The light clicked off. "If we try to go on without first sleeping, I think we will drown anyway."

Whatever they decided, Cynthia told herself, they would not

make her move from here. No bed had ever been as welcoming as this bare rock.

"All right," Henry said. "We'll stay."

The two men settled themselves on either side of her. Their bodies, beside hers, were warm and reassuring, and almost at once she fell asleep. . . .

When she awoke, the river still raged against its confining channel of rock. She called softly: "Henry?"

There was no reply. Then Albrecht said: "I think he still sleeps."

He switched on his torch and let the light fall on Henry's face; it was no more than a dim yellow glow now and so unlikely to disturb him. Cynthia could see that he was asleep.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"It is nearly three o'clock."

"In the morning?"

"Yes. In the morning."

"Almost time for a new day to begin outside."

Albrecht's hand found hers. "I love you, Cynthia. I want you to marry me."

Although he had spoken softly, she said: "Hush!"

He said, still quietly: "Why? We do not need to hide things any more."

"You take it for granted I would marry you."

"Not for my own merits, but for yours. You are not a light woman."

"All right, I love you; we both know that. But there is something you must not forget."

"This is?"

"That Henry and I have been married for sixteen years. If we are all going to die down here, he must not be hurt. It would be wicked and senseless."

"We are not going to die," Albrecht said. "We are going to live."

She made no reply. They sat together silently, their hands joined for what seemed a long time before they heard Henry shift, and then saw the beam of his headlamp snap on.

Henry looked at his watch. "I seem to have overslept. We'll have to skip breakfast."

She tried hard to smile at the little joke, but could not manage it. Henry said: "Cheer up, Cyn. It'll soon be all over."

"Will it?"

"Yes. We'll make it today. How's your torch, Albrecht?"

Albrecht switched it on; the filament could be seen, glowing red.

"Not much good, is it?" Henry said. "I'd better go first on the line today, then." He began roping himself on the life-line, and passed it on to Cynthia and Albrecht.

Cynthia felt herself shivering at the prospect ahead as she watched Henry ease himself down until he was standing in the water. She got down next, and felt again the cold, moving heaviness pulling at her legs. Albrecht followed her and they set off.

They had become used to the constant background of noise from the river but, as they struggled forward, Cynthia became aware of a new, deeper note in it. When Henry halted and waited for the others to come up with him, she guessed what it was before he spoke.

"A fall," he said, "and not very far ahead."

The sound gradually grew louder. Then it quite suddenly became a savage din, isolating each of them in a cocoon of deafness. It had changed its character also; its reverberation echoed in vaster spaces, as though the solid rock about them had opened up into a hollow, echoing bowl.

Henry flashed his light up, and Cynthia saw that something like that had actually happened. They had come out of the tunnel into the bottom of a broad shaft. Right ahead of them was the waterfall.

They huddled together and tried to talk; it was necessary to shout to be intelligible. Henry said: "We'll have to climb out of it."

"But how?"

"We'll get out of the river first." It was something, at least, to be on dry land.

"You can rest here," Henry told

Cynthia. "Albrecht and I will scout around."

When they had freed her from the line, she lay back and tried to rest. Occasionally a flash from Henry's torch illuminated a vista up the great shaft above. Its walls were terrifyingly sheer, as though they had been machined out of the rock. After a time she got to her feet, and made her way through the blackness towards the flash of the torch.

When she came on the two men, Henry said something to her which was clearly a rebuke, then went on hammering in an iron. She could see the hammer striking against the end of the iron, but the sound was barely audible. The iron was driven in, and another. Henry began to climb, hammering fresh steps in as he went.

She shouted to Albrecht: "It's hopeless! He hasn't enough irons."

All she could make out from his reply was something about "ledge." They both stood waiting, for what seemed a very long time, until light suddenly beamed down on them from above. Cynthia looked up and saw Henry coming back slowly down the irons.

HE did not come all the way down. Standing on the third iron, he made a gesture to Albrecht of pulling an iron out of the wall, and pointed to the two beneath him. Albrecht wrenched them free and tossed them up. They saw Henry climb back up the rock face, the light going ahead of him, leaving them in darkness again.

Albrecht shook Cynthia's wrist and said something, pointing upwards. She looked, and there was only darkness. That could only mean that Henry had reached a ledge or a shaft up there somewhere. Soon, in that case, the ladder would come snaking down and they could climb, a part of the way at least, out of this deafening pit of thunder.

At last a beam of light shone downwards, and in its narrow brilliance she could see the electron ladder. It did not quite reach the ground.

By signs, Albrecht indicated that she should take one of the coils of rope as well as the other ladder. The second rope dropped down parallel with the ladder, and he made it fast round her. He himself had the remaining irons, the acetylene lamp, and the folded boat to carry.

Cynthia found the climb far from easy. It was a long way up, and, with the bars of the ladder resting hard against the smooth rock, it was hard to get even a toe-hold.

Again, she had expected that, as with their first climb, it would be a matter of coming out at the top on to a level surface. The truth was very different. It was as though she had climbed the vertical wall of a house, to be faced with the sharp angle of the roof. For as far ahead as she could see in glimpses afforded by Henry's headlamp, the slope stretched upwards and away. Over on the left the river rolled tumultuously down that same slope towards its fall.

Henry dragged her up beside him on the slope. "I've chiselled out a couple of footholds for you," he told her. "Lie forward against the rock and get your toes into them."

She shuddered. "I don't think I can. That drop. . . ."

"Forget about it. Try not to think of anything at all until we're ready to move on."

She looked up. "We've got to scale that?"

"It's not as bad as it looks. Once we get away from the edge, it won't bother you."

She did as he told her, while Henry helped Albrecht up beside them. She found out that, for fear, she could not watch him. She let her face rest against the cool, hard rock.

Henry tied himself on to the lead position on the rope and said: "Try to follow me as exactly as you can. Don't look back, and don't think of anything except the stretch immediately ahead."

Cynthia followed him up the slope. It was frighteningly steep at first, but

then it flattened out gradually until they were able to stand up. They continued climbing, but with no more difficulty than in climbing the side of an ordinary hill.

Almost simultaneously there was a roof above them and a stretch in front which was, in the main, level. They found themselves in a cave of considerable width and length.

The pace Henry was setting was a very fast one, and Cynthia was forced to protest. "I must stop and rest," she gasped.

Henry stopped. "All right." He switched off the light in his helmet. "As long as we don't waste light, it doesn't matter too much."

They sat together by a pillar of rock. The ground underfoot, Cynthia noticed, was relatively soft. She commented on this to Henry.

"Probably mud again," he told her. "Very likely another intermittent water passage."

"Is that good?"

"Mud? Yes. It shows there's a channel to the surface. But it may be a long way away. Rivers can carry mud for miles."

"But at least we're still going in the right direction."

"Yes."

There was silence for a time. Then she said: "Rather a strange smell. A musky smell."

"Muski!" Henry said. He flicked his headlamp on, and she saw that the mud was greyish in colour, speckled with darker fragments. Henry shone the light up towards the ceiling. It was brown, and seemed somehow to shiver in the light. A part of it moved, and Cynthia instinctively ducked her head away.

Henry said: "Do you know what we're sitting on? It's bat dung."

"How horrible!"

The light shone full on her face. Henry pulled her to him and kissed her. He said: "This is a bat cave—the place where they rest during the day. We must be near the surface. Do you think you're ready to go on?"

She said, marvelling: "Are we so near?"

"It's the first time we've had a real reason for hope."

They advanced along the cave, with Henry throwing the beam of light from side to side. After a time the cave narrowed, and then, fairly sharply, turned to the left. Henry switched his lamp off again. He said: "Look all round you."

Their eyes searched the darkness. It was Albrecht who said: "Look over there."

Then Cynthia saw it—a lighter patch against the unrelieved black.

Henry said doubtfully: "Not what I'd hoped for, but we might as well have a look at it."

THE patch gradually brightened as they approached, but even when they were almost on top of it, it remained dim. It was a hole, a couple of feet in diameter, almost level with the floor. Henry knelt, and poked his head in. Then he withdrew, turned about, and gently eased himself backwards through the hole.

"It's only a few feet drop. Follow me through," he said.

Cynthia followed him. Albrecht passed the ropes and ladders through, and then came through himself.

They were in a place of deep gloom, but it appeared light after the blackness from which they had come. There was a rank smell here, more pungent and nauseating than that of the bat dung. Right at the top of the cave there was another small hole. It was bright with sunlight.

Cynthia clutched Henry's arm. "Look!"

He nodded. "I've seen it."

"Then we're almost free!"

"Almost." Henry switched on his light and directed it round about. It was obvious that once again they were on the floor of a vast cave, but this time a cave with an opening to the surface. And on the floor. . . .

Cynthia turned her head away, sickened. On the other side of the cave there was a grotesque pile of carcasses in various stages of decay, with bones

Five bundred rashers of bacon or a cake— cooked in seven minutes

by JOHN DELL

showing through the rotting flesh. "What kind of a place is this?" she asked.

"The country people call it a bottomless pit," Albrecht said. "They use it to be rid of dead animals, and sometimes living animals that are diseased."

"Where is this place?" Henry asked.

"About two kilometres from Liedl."

"Then the caves are connected!"

Cynthia asked: "What about getting out?"

There was a pause before Henry said: "The only way to get out is to go farther in."

"Farther in!"

He flashed the light up and around the walls. "We couldn't possibly scale those. But those carcasses are in front of a tunnel. . . ."

"Are you suggesting not only that, having caught a glimpse of daylight, we're to go back into the ground

With an infra-red grill, cooking is so quick
that a kipper doesn't even have time to smell

IN order to popularize the use of their new infra-red grill the management of a London restaurant recently advertised "a minute steak cooked in thirty seconds." One of the first customers was a man who, having ordered the steak and enjoyed it, called the manager and told him: "A steak in half the time is one thing. When you can do one for half the price we shall all be getting somewhere."

Though grills using infra-red rays have been on the market in this country for six years, their speed and efficiency still surprise most people. Anxious to start a breakfast trade, one north of England restaurateur recently installed a grill in his window. At eight o'clock the next morning he placed twenty rashers of bacon on it, counted up to fifteen on his fingers and called the on-lookers inside to sample it. "Now we do three hundred breakfasts every morning," he says. One London housewife watching a salesman in a store bake a chocolate cake in seven minutes refused to believe that the demonstration was genuine. The next day she turned up with her own ingredients. With a little guidance she baked her own cake in eight and a half minutes.

Three firms now sell about 120,000 infra-red grills and cookers a year on the British market. Two of the appliances, the Turmix and the V-Grill, are continental imports. The third, the Magicook, is made by a versatile, fifty-one year old Czech refugee who reached this country in 1950 and produced the first British-made infra-red cooker five years later.

All cookers work on the same principle, making use of the infra-red rays which, present in all forms of heat, can create heat inside anything which is placed in their path. All cookers have two silicone-treated plates. Held at a maximum distance of four and a half inches between them, these plates are heated by electricity to an average temperature of 340 degrees and send infra-red rays right through the food to be cooked. The plates show no glow and the heat is thermostatically controlled.

Besides speed—a rump steak is cooked in ninety seconds, pork chops in four minutes, grilled chicken in twelve minutes and an apple pie in ten minutes—the fast-penetrating rays have other properties. Since meat is cooked from inside as well as by the top and bottom plates, all natural juices are immediately sealed in and there is no shrinkage. Infra-red cooking has important dietetic advantages already recognized by medical authorities. Fat is no longer required in

the cooking process, save for a thin brushing of oil to prevent the food from sticking, and this is particularly helpful in cases of stomach ulcers and heart disease. One manufacturer says: "There are many small advantages as well. Kippers are cooked so quickly—in one minute—that they do not smell any more." One elderly colonel who approached an infra-red cooker salesman in a provincial store recently had four questions to ask: how quick, clean, foolproof and economical was the grill? When a demonstration had convinced him on the four points he bought one and said: "That's the thing for me. My wife's an invalid and I have had enough of ovens and gas rings."

Though some makers of infra-red appliances recommend them for grilling purposes only, others believe that apart from large joints of meat, poultry and stews their cookers can prepare almost anything in the kitchen.

An average infra-red cooker can grill three hundred steaks an hour at a cost in electricity of less than threepence and in most parts of Britain restaurants and hotels already use infra-red cooking to attract customers. One west of England hotel owner believes that he produces the quickest and hottest breakfast in Britain. He places all the ingredients of individual breakfasts in small glass dishes. When a customer enters the dining-room, he puts the dish on the grill. "The man has hardly had time to open his newspaper when we put his breakfast in front of him and warn him not to burn his fingers."

Experts doubt whether infra-red methods will ever replace the standard gas or electric cookers in Britain's homes. At present the infra-red rays can work efficiently only when the plates of the cooker are set at a short distance from each other. Their range is short and this prevents their use in the cooking of roasts. One Bedfordshire housewife, however, has discarded her gas cooker and now cooks for her family on a foot-square infra-red griller.

Britons are now buying infra-red grills at prices ranging from eleven guineas to £350, and the firms concerned agree that their imports or their production can hardly keep pace with the demand. Export orders flow in, too. One Canadian buyer at last year's British Industries Fair bought £25,000 worth of infra-red cookers after tasting a steak cooked on one of them. One Buckinghamshire school uses infra-red cooking for children's parties, and an industrial canteen whose management installed a cooker on a counter now has no more problems with workers



COOKING TIMES

Rump steak	1 1/2 minutes
Toasted sandwiches ..	1 1/2 minutes
Pork chops	4 minutes
Cod cutlets	5 minutes
Apple pie	10 minutes
Chicken	12 minutes

queuing up with their orders. The grills are now used in most London hotels, in airports, liners and clubs.

Several Royal Navy capital ships use them in their mess kitchens and one grill may soon make its appearance on British trains. There is one working on the pier at Weymouth and another in a London pub, where the publican now dispenses hot sausages at the bar with remarkable speed. He says: "Sometimes the sausage reaches the customer before the barmaid has given him his change."

One woman who recently bought an infra-red cooker wrote to the makers saying: "Have you ever tried to boil an egg on it?" The manufacturer says: "What she did not know is that water reflects infra-red rays and is gradually vaporized. She must have ended up with an uncooked egg in a dry saucepan." THE END

again, but also that we're to wade through that filth?"

"I think we'll have to."

"It's absurd. Tell him we can't do it, Albrecht."

"Cyn," Henry said gently, "what else do you suggest?"

"We can stay here—take it in turns to call out for help. There's a good chance of somebody hearing us."

Henry said: "If somebody had his head stuck over the hole, listening very carefully, he might hear all three of us shouting together. But that's not likely to happen."

Albrecht said slowly: "Henry is right. They would not be likely to hear us. But I agree with you that it would be terrible to go back in there again, when we have been within sight of the open."

"We have no choice," Henry insisted. "If we're within a couple of

kilometres of Liedl, we're probably almost on top of the Liedl caves."

"You go, then," Cynthia said, "if you feel you have to. Leave Albrecht and me here."

"If you like, we can leave you. Then, provided we get through, we can arrange to have you picked up from here. But I may need Albrecht's help."

Her "No" was involuntary. She added weakly: "I don't want to be left on my own."

Henry said: "Your life's your own when we get out of here, Cyn. You know that. But as things are, you're still my wife."

She said helplessly: "You know?"

"I've known for some days." He laughed shortly. "I don't think you've had enough practice at hiding things."

Albrecht said: "It is better that you should know."

"Is it? I suppose so. Anyway, it

doesn't matter. Nothing matters just now, except getting out of here. You're going to do as I tell you, aren't you?"

Cynthia said nothing. Albrecht said: "I think that is the wisest thing."

"In that case," Henry said, "there's no point in wasting time."

Cynthia roped up automatically and picked up the coiled ladder and the rope. The shock of realizing that Henry knew her secret helped her somewhat over the next nauseating obstacle. She was thinking of Henry—trying to see him as he was. She had thought of him conventionally; as, back in England, before she had met and fallen in love with Albrecht, she had thought of herself.

In the terms of that convention, it had been easy to see him as the betrayed husband, happily ignorant of having been betrayed. Now she must reckon with the fact that he had known all the

time; and that he had kept the knowledge to himself, giving her no hint of it during his long-drawn-out struggle to lead them through the caves to safety.

She had already been surprised in herself. She had to admit to an even greater surprise in Henry. . . .

For tens of centuries the shaft which they had just left must have collected bodies; either in deliberate disposal by men or through the ordinary accident of animals falling to their death. They walked silently and in single file down the dark gallery of a natural history museum.

Henry rested the light briefly on one great skull. "Cave bear," he said. "He probably came from inside, not down the shaft. It's a good sign. It probably means the caves are extensive on this side."

The trail of bones ended, and there



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was just the gentle slope, leading down. The cave had widened into a broad and lofty hall. The going was good, and Henry kept the pace fast.

The hall ended in a minor confluence of galleries and he decided on the right-hand one of these; not only did it show an immediate upward slope, but there was also the sound of water coming from higher up.

They found the stream where the gallery ran into another at right angles. It was placid, flowing calmly between ribbed and runnelled walls.

TEN minutes later they had traced the stream to its impenetrable source. It welled out of solid jaws of rock, not more than six inches wide. They stood staring at it, until Henry switched the light off.

"Then we must go back," Albrecht said.

They started back in silence. Cynthia watched the flashes of light from the torch. She had the idea that they were less bright than they had been.

Henry stopped, directing the light on a hole in the gallery wall. "I'm going to try this," he said.

She said: "Surely it's much too small?"

Henry's voice was strained. "It won't do any harm to see. I don't want us to go any farther back than is absolutely necessary."

With Albrecht, she watched him wriggle into the hole. They stood close together, aware of each other's breathing and of the cheerful chuckling noise of the stream.

"Darling," she asked him, "what do you think?"

"I think that we shall get through."

"We're running it close."

The life-line jerked tight. She heard Henry's voice: "I think it will go."

She said to Albrecht: "If we all get stuck in that rat-trap. . ."

"It will not happen. Come, I will help you to get in."

She felt the solid rock close round her, touching her all along her body, with intimacy and ghastly strength. She inched her way forward, responding to Henry's tugs on the line. She felt slivers of rock scraping against her face, threshed desperately to avoid them, and got an arm wedged in front of her. Realizing she was stuck, she

struggled the harder, and her struggling pinned her down more firmly.

Henry's muffled voice came back: "What's the matter?"

She cried: "I can't move!" He said urgently: "Stop fighting it. Move back a bit. Make it slow and easy."

She obeyed, found that it was quite easy to free herself. And then, after ages, the hole was wider, the rock no longer pressing against her on all sides. In the end, she could crawl on hands and knees.

The pipe turned into a gallery. It was damp, with drops of water oozing through the ceiling on to them.

Albrecht, who had come through after her, said: "Your headlamp, Henry—the battery is almost gone?"

"I give it another five minutes."

"And then?" Cynthia asked.

"The acetylene lamp. About an hour's charge."

"And then?" she whispered.

"The candles."

She said: "I would rather go on. We'll have plenty of time to rest afterwards, won't we. . .?"

When the headlamp had faded to a dim glow that showed nothing ahead, Henry lit the acetylene lamp. Cynthia remembered what he had said: about an hour's charge. Unlike the torches, that really meant an hour—the lamp could not be flicked on and off for economizing.

They had been wandering for two days and nights in this warren of caves; it was futile to imagine that another hour would see them to safety. After the hour was up, there would be the blundering about for an hour or so with the candles and, presumably, the matches struck one by one and, in between, a blind groping forward. At the end there would only be the blind groping.

They came to an intersection with another gallery, somewhat wider, and Henry took the left-hand fork. It led downhill. The ceiling began to drip in earnest, and soon there was a small rivulet running down the middle of the gallery. The roof leaked at an ever-increasing rate, and the rivulet underfoot swelled to a stream.

Then they heard, in the distance, an all too familiar sound: the noise of falling water. It could only be the

stream along which they were travelling; somewhere, not far ahead, it must plunge down into depths which, by the sound of it, were considerable.

Then, thought Cynthia, *we have come to our end—really to our end.*

When she thought the drop must be right under her feet, Henry stopped. He held up the lamp, and she saw that for the next few feet there was a sharp, tumbling descent. Beyond that there was a final lip, over which the water poured.

Henry took off his helmet, with the now useless lamp. Cynthia saw him throw it out so that it cleared the lip of the fall. They heard nothing but the continuing roar of the water.

"No luck," he said. "I didn't think we should have."

Albrecht said: "There is a ledge. I think. Up there."

Above the fall the gallery widened out into a dome. The ledge ran round the bottom of the dome, and appeared to peter out on the opposite side.

"Not much promise," Henry said, "but I can't think of anything better."

They watched while he drove three irons into the face of the rock, making a ladder by which he could climb up on to the ledge. Once there, he called for the others to follow him.

Albrecht asked: "The irons—how can I get them back?"

"You can get the top one. I shouldn't bother about the others. We haven't time."

They sidled along the ledge out over the fall. The drop beneath them, revealed by the lamp, was precipitous. Cynthia followed Henry automatically.

Henry said: "Hold it there."

"What is it?"

"I'm going to try a climb. There's a break over there." Henry held the lamp a little higher. "Can you see it?"

Looking closely, she could see what he was talking about. At a point roughly opposite to the one from which they had started, the two halves of the dome failed to meet. Between them lay something which, from their present position, was indistinguishable. It might be an escape chimney, or it might be no better than a crevice.

She understood the kind of climb Henry had in mind. The objective lay about thirty feet from them, an on upward diagonal slope. In view of the inward curve of the rock face and the fact that the ledge was not continuous all round, a series of irons hammered in to cover that diagonal offered the best—probably the only—approach. But it was horribly risky, and possibly to no purpose.

She took the irons from Albrecht and

KISSES—I

A kiss is the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.

Dr. Henry Gibbons

handed them on to Henry. He hammered them in and gradually progressed across the slope of the dome. He had almost reached the limit of the span of life-line between them when he called down: "It's a go. There's a hole through. A couple more irons, and you can come up."

At least, it might be a hole through to a cave, to a place where one could rest, and wait. When the signal came, she set out up the ladder of irons. As she climbed, she hung the lamp on the piton at the limit of her reach, and moved it forward a step each time.

The first few irons were not too hard, but then it became more and more difficult as the slope of the rock went against her. It was only her despair and indifference, she felt, which kept her going.

She crouched beside Henry at last. The flaw in the dome led to a rubble slope, the base of a new and larger cave. He had perched himself over a projecting spur of rock, but he moved farther up to allow her to rest there. Albrecht was climbing the irons.

Albrecht had nearly reached them

when there was the sudden rumble of shifting rock. Cynthia had a brief, confused glimpse of stones falling towards her, of Henry sliding, trying to regain his balance and failing, before his body hit hers as he fell down towards the gap from which they had emerged.

The lamp was wrenched from her hand and clattered down the slope. She herself fell across the spur of rock. Just below her there was a muffled cry and then a great weight pulled her downwards, pinning her immovably over the spur. The breath gasped from her body.

There was still light. She saw now that the lamp had come to rest on a part of the ledge, and had not broken. Its light fanned up to her, and showed her what had happened.

Henry, in falling, had knocked Albrecht off the irons. The two men hung side by side, like marionettes, attached to either end of the life-line which pinned her down to the spur of rock. They hung clear of the sheer face. She saw their hands and feet scramble for purchase, finding none. Beneath them there was only the abyss over the waterfall.

Albrecht called up: "Cynthia—you are all right?"

She gasped: "I—can't move."

HENRY said: "Cyn." His voice sounded quite normal; the fall could not have hurt him. "There's only one thing for it. Can you reach that knife I gave you?"

"I'm not sure."

"Try to, Cyn. You must try."

She got her hand back awkwardly towards the pocket, and forced it in. Her fingers touched the knife, and at last pulled it clear.

The men had been watching her from their see-saw of rope. Henry said: "Right. Now cut yourself free."

"But if I do, you will fall."

"We're going to fall anyway. The only thing you can do is save yourself. You must do that. Cut the ropes."

"No."

"Cyn, you will have to do it in the end. The longer you leave it, the worse it is for us."

She said desperately: "Can't one of you climb up the rope? I think I could stand it."

"At the moment we're balanced. If we disturb that, we'll all go."

For the first time since the fall, Albrecht spoke. His voice sounded dazed, almost disbelieving. He said: "I am not sure, but I think perhaps two could be saved."

"How?"

"If you cut one of the ropes, there will be only half of the weight on you, Cynthia. It is possible that you might be able to lift the other—enough so that he may get a foothold, and climb."

A silence followed. There was only the noise of the plunging water. Then Henry said: "I think he's right. It's worth trying. You've got to do it, Cyn—you've got to cut at least one of us free. For God's sake, do it quickly, if only for the sake of the other. You won't have the strength for much longer."

She knew he was right. The weight that dragged her down seemed to get heavier and heavier. She looked down, and saw the two men staring up at her. Their expressions were the same. They showed no hope; only fear, and love.

Opening the knife, she looked away from them, concentrating on the rope. The blade sawed against the taut nylon. . . .

SHE thought at first that she would not be able to save him after all. Her strength was very low, and he could only co-operate feebly. But he made it in the end, and they collapsed against the rock spur, exhausted and silent.

When they had crawled to the top of the slope, she lit the candle and led the way through the cave. After five or ten minutes they came to another stream, and followed its banks. It appeared to run along a narrow but fairly deep channel. Soon the cave narrowed to a gallery with just the stream and a narrow walk beside it.

The end came so abruptly that she almost collided with the rock. She thought at first that the gallery must

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have made a right-angled turn which she had missed, but, looking at the stream to check this, she realized what it was. The rock came down to within an inch of the water, and the stream disappeared under it.

She said: "I'm going to put the candle out, and then I'm going to dive under the rock. If I find a way through, I'll tug the line several times. When that happens, you must follow."

He looked at her, but said nothing. "I may not manage it," she added. "If I don't, it's goodbye." She kissed him. "Darling, I do love you."

She waded into the stream, feeling its sharp chill against her legs and the painfully jagged surface under her bare feet. It was fairly deep. She looked at the place where rock and water almost met, doused the candle and put it in her pocket and then plunged in.

Without realizing it, she came up towards the surface, and the back of her head hit the roof. She forced herself lower, putting her hand up to feel if there was clearance. But the rock came right down to the water.

The strain of holding her breath was

telling on her when she put her hand up again, and this time felt no rock above her—nothing but water.

Her head broke surface and she could breathe again, painful shuddering breaths. Then she swam forward slowly, on the surface. After a time her foot scraped against the bottom and she stood up.

It wasn't easy to light the candle again. When she had succeeded, she could see that she was in a cave which had one end—where she now stood—under water. A few feet the other way there was dry rock.

She took in the slack on the life-line. Then she began to tug at it, in a series of sharp jerks. There was no answering jerk from the other end.

She could not possibly go down under that water again and swim through it to get him. And yet, after all that had happened, she could not leave him. She might as well go down. If the action was suicidal, so was any other.

Before she prepared to dive, she gave the rope a final tug. This time she pulled in more slack. It could only mean one of two things: either he had

untied himself from the line, or he was coming through after all.

Quickly she put out the candle, and got both hands to the rope, keeping up a steady pull. Suddenly she heard the water splash near her. She helped him out and relit the candle. She had to support him as they made their way up the cave.

Her feet were being slashed by the sharp stones underfoot, but the pain meant nothing beside her tiredness and his weight on her shoulder. Suddenly he stopped again.

"Darling," she said, "we must go on."

Then he spoke for the first time. He said: "A light. Can you see it?"

Her own gaze had been concentrated on watching the patch of candlelight immediately in front of their feet. She looked up, and saw that it was not delirium. Away to the left there was a glow of light.

It brightened as they went towards it. Then they turned a corner, and saw light bulbs suspended from a cable running back through the cave.

There were about a dozen people in

the middle of the cave, with a man in uniform pointing things out to them—stalactites and stalagmites, the wonders of the underground world.

He faltered beside her. "Liedl," he said. Then he slumped to the ground.

She called out something, and saw them turn towards her. Her own legs were suddenly too weak to support her, and, as they hurried to her, she collapsed also. But she was still conscious.

"Sie müssen die beiden Engländer sein!" the uniformed man said. "You must be the two English people!" Then they lifted her up, and he spoke to her directly. "You are safe now. Where are the others?"

"They're dead," she said. Her voice was flat. She looked at Henry, lying exhausted beside her. "They're all dead."

THE END

"The Caves Of Night" will be published as a book on June 19 by Eyre and Spottiswoode, price 13s. 6d.

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Europe's princesses in search of husbands

Continued from page 11

about it, she replied gruffly: "Come off it . . . he is my first cousin."

Norwegian people believe that their princess will follow the example of her sister and marry a commoner. Ragnhild, now known by the curious hyphenated title of Her Highness Princess Ragnhild-Mrs. Lorentzen, has lived happily ever after with her husband Erling in Rio de Janeiro.

A good catch for any prince is Princess Sophie, twenty-year-old daughter of King Paul of the Hellenes. She has great personal charm, is good-looking and is a fine dancer. Her father—family name Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg—and her mother, a Brunswick, are related to at least half of all the royal families of Europe.

The Duke of Edinburgh is a cousin, the Danish royal family a collateral branch, and when, two summers in succession, the Greek royal family ran a cruise for blue bloods in the sunny Aegean, the passenger list was filled with ancient names like Hesse, Baden, Hannover, Hohenlohe, Lippe and Mecklenburg. Yet, so far, Sophie's best friend is the son of a rich Greek shipowner.

Queen Juliana's second daughter, Irene, is also of marriageable age. Perhaps the most attractive of the four Dutch princesses, Irene was a month old when the last war broke out and she was in exile before her first birthday. Now she resembles her father, Prince Bernhard and, like him, she loves horse riding. Last year she was chosen as one of Holland's four best amateur riders.

Like her sister Beatrix she is very independent. Some time ago, driving her own car, she towed her own horsebox to an amateur race meeting, and when someone offered to help her to lead the horse out she replied: "If I am good enough to compete I am also good enough to do the work." So far no marriage plans have been made for her.

NEXT in Europe's list of eligible princesses come the girls often referred to as "the three Swedish beauties," Margaretha, twenty-three, Birgitta, twenty-one, and Desiree, twenty, granddaughters of Sweden's King Gustaf Adolf. They are the descendants of a French baker who became one of Napoleon's generals and "King of the Swedes, the Goths and the Wends" by election. They are notably independent, gay and good-looking.

Margaretha, as the whole world knows, may be the first one to marry. Her sister Birgitta, also beautiful, is believed to be the least inhibited of the three. A gay, spirited girl, she shocked many people two years ago by announcing that she would become a gymnastics teacher. Throughout two severe Swedish winters she left the 719-room Stockholm Royal Palace at 8 a.m. to catch a bus to school and do

physical jerks for the rest of the day.

Being photographed in tights has never bothered her and once she gleefully submitted to having the school's initials stamped on her bare legs.

She is often seen shopping alone in Stockholm's Kungsgatan, and once she made the fortune of a restaurant owner by lunching in his cafeteria. It was at the physical culture school that she met a handsome hockey player with whom her name was linked for some time until a court official crossly exclaimed: "It's been one sportsman after another . . . there is nothing in it."

Princess Desiree is regarded as the real Bernadotte of the family, showing her French ancestry by talking with her hands and feet. The prettiest of the three, she is training as a children's nurse. On her first day in one of Stockholm's nurseries she was told that her duties would not include changing babies' napkins. She called on the director and said: "If I can't do that you can find yourself another nurse."

Lately she has repeatedly been "taken out" by one of Europe's best catches: ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria. Simeon was six when he became Czar of the Bulgars and nine when the Communists took his throne away from him.

The elderly, gentle King Gustaf of Sweden may have a hard time combining his granddaughters' happiness

(there is one more, Christina, yet to come of age) and the traditional proprieties of royalty. A sound monarch who looks, talks and lives like a benevolent schoolmaster, he is believed to be quite set in his ideas about marriage.

One father with an even harder task is the Comte de Paris, Pretender to the throne of France. He has eleven children, six girls and five boys. His eldest son, Henri, married a Wurtemberg princess last year, and one daughter, Helene, married a Belgian count. That makes nine to go, and among them are three lovely grown-up daughters, Isabelle, twenty-five, Anne, twenty, and Diane, eighteen.

ISABELLE hardly looks the sort of girl who would have trouble finding a husband. Shapely, with a dazzling smile and large grey green eyes, she is vivacious and so popular in republican France that newspapers repeatedly refer to her as "Isabelle de France." For a while she worked for a fashion designer and she still designs many of her own clothes. Last year her mother gave a ball for her and invited five hundred of Europe's blue bloods.

Isabelle is still unmarried. Persistent rumours indicate that there is an "arrangement" for Isabelle to become Queen of the Belgians, but her character differs so widely from that of the

austere, unsmiling Baudouin that the match is improbable.

Her sisters, Anne and Diane, almost as good-looking, are both friends of Britain's Princess Alexandra who, two years ago, spent some time at their home, the Château du Coeur-Volant—the Castle of the Flying Heart—at Louveciennes near Paris. Free to come and go as they pleased, the two young Bourbon princesses soon initiated Alexandra into the pleasures of shopping on the Paris boulevards.

Shopping, however, sometimes has its pitfalls. Not long ago when Princess Diane was spending some of her monthly pocket money—£20—on lingerie in a Paris store, the saleswoman asked for her name. Quite simply she replied: "I am Diane of France." "And I, mademoiselle," answered the assistant, "am the Queen of Persia. . . ." In republican France young Diane had to show her identity card.

Maria Gabriella, daughter of Italy's ex-King Umberto, richest of all the exiled kings, is a tall, fair-haired girl who lives with her father at Estoril in Portugal. She is probably the only girl in the world to have a microbe named after her. Some years ago when a prominent Italian scientist visited her father, the princess told him: "I'd love to have one of your discoveries named after me."

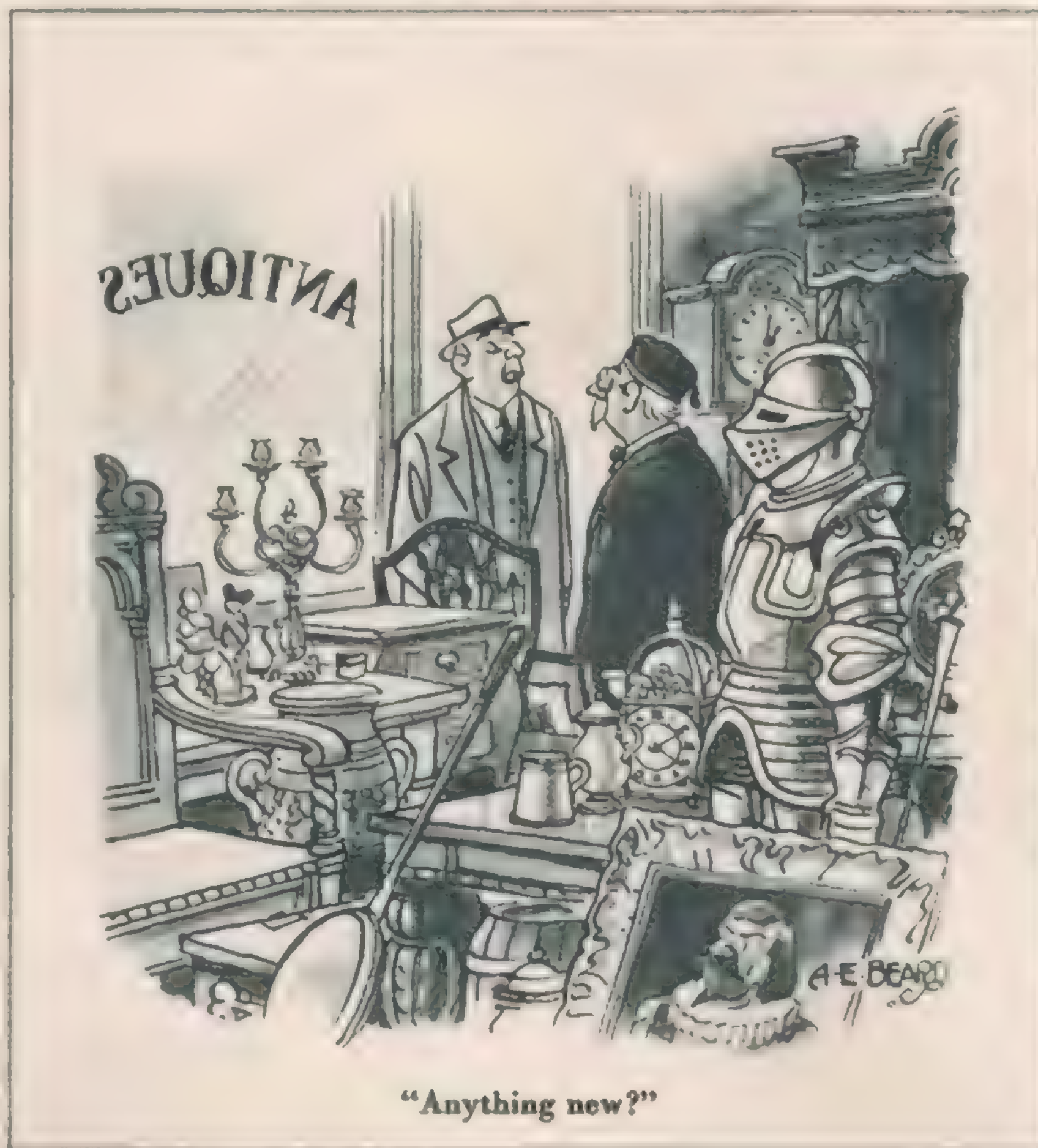
The visitor told her that if ever he found a harmless one he would do so. Last year when he was first to identify a mauve-coloured microbe which seemed to do no harm, he christened it *Micrococcus violagabriella*.

It was in Portugal that the young Italian princess met the man who is currently mentioned as her future husband: Prince Juan Carlos of Spain, son of Don Juan and the prince whom General Franco insists will one day be "His Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain." Such a marriage would unite the two ancient houses of Bourbon and Savoy over a restored throne.

It would also increase the chances of a princely bridegroom for Juan Carlos's sister, Maria del Pilar. She is pretty, very intelligent and a great traveller. Last year when she was in London she rode in an underground train and confessed that she enjoyed the experience save for the fact that she failed to understand the announcements of the platform staff. Her guide told her that she was by no means alone in this.

Such is the matchmaking merry-go-round of Royal Europe. The permutations among the twenty-five royal houses and the 286 princely families of the Continent are endless. Yet, while there is some hope among the unbeaten matrimonial experts, one dream will never end: that of snatching away a British princess to give new lustre to another name.

Britain's Royal Family is the world's most famous, most durable and most popular, and there is no blue blood family that would not welcome a British marriage. This hope will last as long as Princess Margaret and her cousin Alexandra remain unattached. THE END



"Anything new?"

by ERIKA LEUCHTAG

The King makes a dash for freedom

Now began fourteen bad months. I returned over the high, mist-capped mountains, leaving Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, and arriving in Simla, northern India, in August, 1949.

Anxiously I wondered about the friends I had left behind in Katmandu. I had gone there the previous March to give massage to the Senior Queen of Nepal—and, unexpectedly, became a conspirator in a royal struggle for freedom. King Tribhuvana and his family, as I had quickly discovered, because they had welcomed me as a friend, were prisoners in their palace. Nepal was in fact ruled by the Rana family of aristocrats, headed by the Prime Minister, Mohun Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana.

I had arranged for the King to write a secret letter to Sir Chandresvar, the Indian Ambassador to Katmandu, and the ambassador had promised to send the letter to Pandit Nehru who, I hoped, would intervene and give the King freedom. Had I felt sure that Nehru's reply would soon be

delivered to the King, I would have had a sense of fulfilment, a certain peace in my mind. But I had no such feeling. Time and distance separated me from Nepal.

Every day at sunset I looked eastward to Nepal, beyond the rosy snow-peaks, and every day I wrote to the King. I put the letter in an envelope addressed to "Our Friend" or "H. Lall"—code names we had agreed upon before I left—and this envelope I placed in another addressed to a fellow-conspirator, Doctor Dass Gupta, a court physician, care of Sher Bahadur Gurung. He was the Indian postmaster in Katmandu. I knew it would be folly to send letters care of the Nepali postmaster; the Ranis censored all mail.

I registered the letter and, because a registered envelope must carry the name and address of the sender, I was suddenly faced with a problem that had not occurred to me when I planned all this. Letters arriving regularly in Katmandu with my name on the back would soon arouse

Most Important.
(1) The barometer of this place forecast S.T.O.R.M.
(2) Destroy all my flowers, if you can keep secret. Let the blue flower remain with you, if you can not destroy that also. Remember, if any one discover my flower from your place it will do harm for both but I do not mind for me, I do not want to hurt you from my cause.

I am so busy I have no time to write more. We have sent presents and cards for you all in 5. insured covers excuse us if it reach late. Please convey our namaskar season's greetings and best wishes to I. and to P. and same to you. We hope you are all well there, we are all O.K. here. I enclose herewith list of presents and Sula's letters and wire. What more? PRAY FOR THE SUCCESS.

Your's very grateful friend.

H-LALL

A letter in code warned me of his peril. Then I heard the startling news. He had fled to a hideout in Nepal—pursued by his enemies

as much suspicion as if I had boldly addressed them all to the King.

So I went to my friends, asking them if I might put their names on the backs of letters I was sending to Nepal. Then I took the letters to other friends who were journeying down to Kalka, or Delhi, or Lucknow, and I asked them to post the letters there.

It was long afterwards that I discovered how these letters finally reached the King. Doctor Dass Gupta would keep them until he was called to the King's palace, known as the Happy Cottage, or to the palaces of the three princes, Mahendra, Himalaya and Basundhara. He was called to the latter more frequently than to the Happy Cottage. There was always a Rana present when he treated the royal grandchildren.

Because the princes' wives were Ranis, too, he dared not hand over my letters to the princes in their presence. He waited, for days sometimes, until he had a second's opportunity to deliver my letters safely.

The letters I wrote were full of advice and encouragement, silly, foolish and hopeful, and in each of them I appealed to the King not to despair. I worked hard during those fourteen months at my work as a masseuse and in the service of the King. Whether it would be of any value to his cause I did not know, but I knew that I had to catch the lapel of this man and that, talk to anybody who was anybody, saying again and again that here was a king who wished to be a real king and who was in need of help.

The first letter from the King came within a week of my arrival in Simla. In it he addressed me as Kate, which is indeed my name, but one he had never used before. He signed himself "H. Lall." And so his letters came, slowly in the beginning, and then more frequently as his confidence and courage returned a little, his signature being in red ink when the letter contained a message in code and in blue ink when it did not. With each letter I hoped to hear that Sir Chandresvar had at least visited him and delivered Nehru's letter, but the news did not come. Boyishly, realizing that I was in Simla with the riches of the world at my feet—or so it seemed to him—he showered me with requests and orders, for catalogues, photographic and electrical equipment, patterns of cloth and news of fashions.

The weeks passed on into October. Then there came a letter from the King signed in red



Erika (in dark dress) at the wedding in 1952 of Princess Bharati. The ceremonies and feasting lasted for nine days



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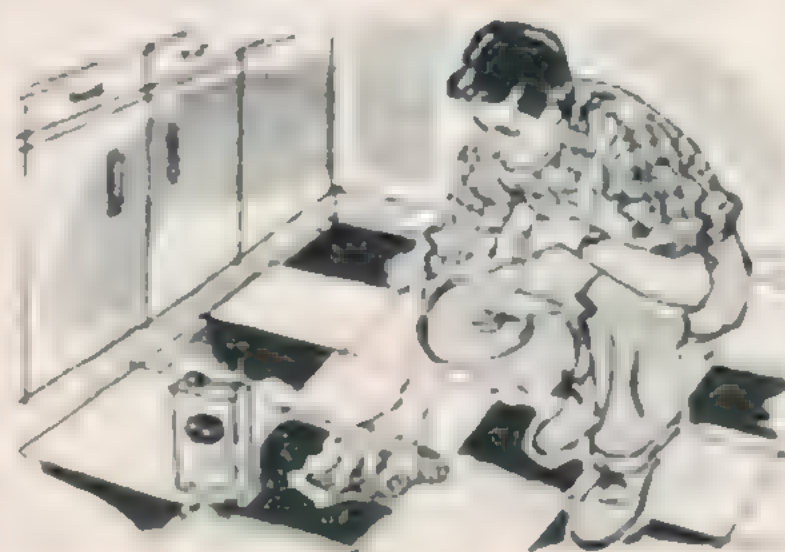
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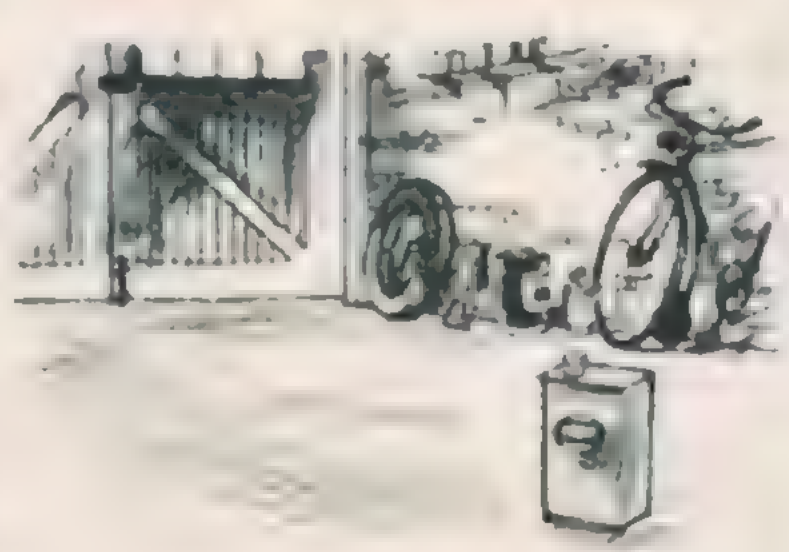
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ink. In the middle of chatty, conversational paragraphs was the news that I thought would never come.

The bird came to my garden and gave me the doctor's flower, but you are the person who sowed the seed and took care of the plant. The flower is very sweet and beautiful. What more? Not only I, but all my party, offer you our heartfelt thanks for the trouble you have taken to plant and make free from pest.

For "bird" I read Sir Chandresvar; the "doctor" meant Pandit Nehru, "flower" meant letter.

My heart was full of joy, and I had to talk to someone about this great news. Fortunately my friend, Surjit Singh, who had been the Indian Ambassador in Katmandu, and from whom I had first sought aid for the King, was near by, staying in his great house at Chota Simla. He frequently came to see me.

Surjit had already done much on the King's behalf. Now I took him the King's letter, with its news that he had at last met Sir Chandresvar. Surjit smiled tolerantly at the code. "An amateurish hand at this, your King, Erika."

"Surjit, will the King be free soon, now that Nehru has written to him?"

"Be patient, Erika. Nepal will be free in time. Five years, ten years, perhaps more. Think how long it took us in India."

He could not tell me what Nehru might have written in the letter, or what promises India had made to the King. From what he said I got the impression that the Indian Government might be prepared to let the Nepalis liberate themselves in their own way and their own time, giving them sympathy and support afterwards. . . .

The King's letters still came from Katmandu. Sometimes they contained nothing but sad gossip, revealing the pathetic uselessness of the life he was forced to lead. But occasionally there were alarms which time and distance exaggerated into terrors.

One day I received a short, blunt

KISSES—2

Men kiss women when they are happy, and women kiss them when they are unhappy.

George Meredith

letter, signed in red. It was headed: MOST IMPORTANT.

(1) *The barometer of this place forecasts STORM.*

(2) *Destroy all my flowers. If you can keep secret let the blue flowers remain with you. If you cannot, destroy them also. Remember, if anyone discovers my flower from your place it will do harm to both, but I do not mind for me, I do not want to hurt you from my cause. PRAY FOR THE SUCCESS.*

There was never any clear explanation of what lay behind this letter. "Storm" in the King's code meant invasion. That he should ask me to destroy his letters and "pray for the success" indicated that somehow the conspiracy had failed. However, his subsequent letters gave no clue as to the mysterious event which had momentarily disturbed our correspondence. Because there was no word of disappointment, veiled or direct, in the letters I sensed that failure had been a postponement only.

Surjit still shook his head and warned me to expect the King's liberation to be a matter of years rather than months, but I was filled with a strange expectancy.

The autumn of 1950 passed through October. I went to stay for a while with the Maharani of Patiala. She looked from the windows one day and said: "Erika, look, winter is coming. Can you see the snow line?" It lay in a long bar of dull blue between the rim of the earth and the sky.

I contented my troubled thoughts

with letters, with presents for the Happy Cottage. To send the King something tangible, something he could touch and know was from me, was my only comfort. I sent little things—a scarf, a key-chain, new shoes.

One morning, in the second week of November, I was out walking. Snow had not yet fallen, but the air was crisp and the earth hard with frost. As I walked, my arm was caught by a friend.

"Erika, have you heard? Your king is in New Delhi. . . ."

Sir Chandresvar, the gentle, kindly ambassador, had kept his word. He had promised me that the King would be in his care, and on Monday, November 6, 1950, this was literally true. The King and the royal family—the Senior Queen, the Junior Queen, the three princes and three princesses—were safe inside the Indian Embassy at Katmandu, and the nation was in rebellion against the Ranas.

THE Prime Minister could have had no suspicion of what was to happen. He gave the royal family permission to leave their palaces for a leopard hunt in the mountains. This seems to indicate his confidence that all was well, for it was a favour rarely granted. That Monday morning the royal family left Naran Hity, the King's official palace, in a convoy of five cars, led by the King's beige Mercury. The King and princes drove their cars themselves, but in each was a Rana officer.

The road to the northern mountains passed the entrance to the Indian Embassy. As he reached the driveway of the embassy the King suddenly accelerated, swerved and drove up it, on to Indian soil, the other cars quickly following.

A Sikh sentry opened the door of the Mercury, and the King, in khaki jodhpurs and grey scarf, stepped out to shake hands with Colonel I. C. Katoch, the Indian military attaché. Katoch invited him into the embassy where Sir Chandresvar was waiting, and to whom the King made a formal request for asylum.

The Rana guards went quickly to Singha Durbar, the Prime Minister's palace, and within an hour General Bijaya, the Prime Minister's son, had arrived with an armed escort. While his soldiers surrounded the embassy he demanded angrily that Colonel Katoch bring the King to him. The colonel carried the demand to the King, and I know what effect that must have had on Tribhuvana. For the first time in his life he was able to say no to a Rana.

Now Sir Chandresvar came to Bijaya and faced the angry soldier calmly. "General Bijaya, will you please take off your revolver? While you are armed the King will never speak to you."

Bijaya reluctantly unstrapped his pistol. He waited for the King, and waited, the first Rana ever to do so. When Tribhuvana at last came what he said to Bijaya was short and abrupt. "I am the King. I am not satisfied with your treatment of my country or of me. You will tell that to the Prime Minister."

Twice that day the Prime Minister sent messengers to the embassy, demanding that Prince Mahendra leave and take up residence in the royal palace in place of the King. On the morning of the next day, the Council of Leaders met at the Prime Minister's palace.

It was a puppet council, with many Rana faces but only one voice—that of the Prime Minister. The council announced the deposition of King Tribhuvana and the enthronement of his grandson, Gyanendra, Mahendra's second boy, who was aged only three and had been left in the King's palace in the care of an *ayah*. He had been deliberately left behind in the flight, the King refusing to abandon his country without a member of his family at its head.

So the Ranas made a king out of the innocent, round-faced boy. The Prime Minister's appeal to the Indian Government for recognition of the child was bluntly rejected.

For four days the Indian Embassy

was in a state of siege. A car was jammed across the roadway leading to it from the bazaar, and no supplies reached it. But Sir Chandresvar was prepared; he had laid in stores of cooking oils, rice and other food.

Thus the royal family waited, the King, queens and Mahendra in the embassy library, and Himalaya, Basundhara and the princesses playing table-tennis with the attachés.

At last they escaped. On November 10, under the protection of Indian officers, they were driven to the airstrip at Gaochar just outside Katmandu, and from thence taken to India. Pandit Nehru was the first man to welcome Tribhuvana.

With the King's arrival in India the "storm" he had mentioned in his letters now broke out. An armed force of Nepali Congress supporters invaded southern Nepal. In the west, peasant guerrillas went into action. Men whom the King had sometimes believed to care nothing for him now fought the

own family were reported to be busy emptying the treasuries of the country, turning their private palaces into forts and making large deposits in Indian banks. The Maharaja was determined to remain within the reformed government if he could, but he was also determined to live well should exile become inevitable.

The fighting was over. More than two hundred men stepped from the cells in which the Ranas had held them for years, and three hundred more awaited release. From the gates of the jail to Singha Durbar a great red cloth was laid, and the prisoners walked along it, their necks hung with garlands, their feet treading flower petals. The crowd shouted their names in joy, and cried, "Tribhuvana-Ki-jai!"

So the year moved into February and at last the King was ready to go home. Some of the Ranas had made their peace with him, not the least being Bijaya.

He and the King met in Kashmir. One



Early Butterfly

Sleepwalker in my room,
From where, my beauty, did
you wake
To winter sunlight, bloom
As a flower, and shake
Your silken petals open, spun
From last summer's sun?

Tremblingly trying your wings
To the bright window you flit,
And I, at this first taste of
spring's
Warmth, open it,
And as you depart
Spring unfolds in my heart.

DOUGLAS GIBSON

Rana troops to cries of "Tribhuvana-Ki-jai!"

The King arrived in New Delhi on November 11. He became, overnight, "The Hero of Nepal."

In December Pandit Nehru reported that India, anxious for peace and stability in Nepal, would "recognize His Majesty King Tribhuvana Bir Bikram Shah."

A British delegation flew to Katmandu for a two-day study of the situation there. They were greeted at Gaochar by an enormous crowd of men and women who shouted: "We want King Tribhuvana." Crowds also gathered outside the Indian Embassy in Katmandu daily, calling: "Tell Pandit-ji we want our King."

At the beginning of January the Prime Minister surrendered a little ground in the hope of holding the rest. His representatives in Delhi agreed to the return of the King as constitutional head of the country, to a constituent assembly chosen by adult suffrage and to be convened not later than 1952. An interim cabinet would be set up meanwhile, consisting of seven Ranas—including the Prime Minister—and seven representatives of the popular party. There was to be an amnesty for all political prisoners.

I read of all these events as if in a dream. This was what the King and I had longed for as we walked alone in the gardens of the Happy Cottage.

The Prime Minister then began to issue proclamations to the people of Nepal, hanging on to the coat-tails of events in a desperate attempt not to be left behind.

I would like to assure you, dear brothers, that your welfare and benefit will always be foremost in our hearts as it has ever been.

And while he was issuing this statement, he and his adherents within his

evening they went alone on to a lake in a boat and sat there for a long time in the moonlight. When they came back to the shore Bijaya was a loyal King's man.

Fifty thousand people awaited the King's arrival by plane at Gaochar, calling his name, calling him as his ancestors had been called: "The Golden Basilisk." He drove in triumph to the Happy Cottage. . . .

I RETURNED to Katmandu in the autumn of 1951; two years after I had left it and nine months after the King had himself returned.

My visit had been planned for earlier that year, but after the King's escape all the strain I had placed on my mind, my heart and my body during those fourteen months in Simla suddenly became impossible for me to bear. I fell ill and when I recovered, towards the end of the summer, the King wrote again, urging me to come, and to come before the middle of November because he would then be leaving Katmandu on a tour of his kingdom.

"Please do come," he wrote. "We are all impatiently awaiting your arrival."

So I went, at the beginning of November.

I flew to Katmandu this time. The old mountain pathway, which had once served the double purpose of keeping foreigners without the country and Nepalis within, was now obsolescent.

I was met at Gaochar and driven to Tripureswar, a group of guest-houses. We arrived there at noon, not at the guest-house where I had stayed before, but at another, close to Doctor Dass Gupta's home.

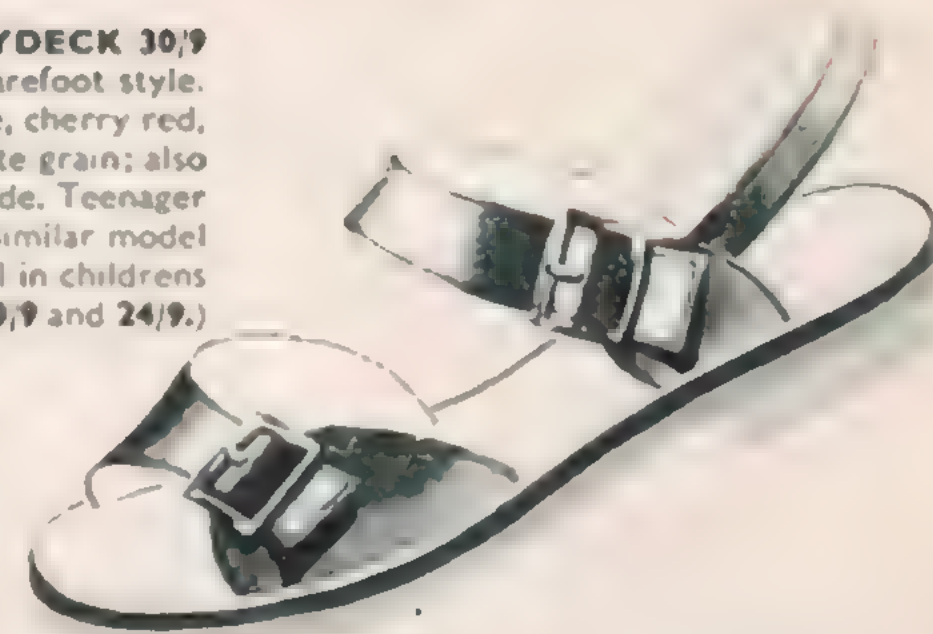
I was expected at the palace by three that afternoon, but I was suddenly very tired and dropped on to my



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NEAREST SHOP? Write Clarks, Dept. AH.5, Street, Somerset—and ask for an illustrated leaflet.

bed in my travelling clothes, falling asleep immediately. I awoke reluctantly to the sound of excited voices. I heard my name being called, and when I finally opened my eyes I saw the shadowy white figure of a servant crying that the car had arrived to take me to the King.

Somehow, in minutes only, I made myself ready in a grey-checked dress and red hat. My box containing my presents for the royal family was taken to the car which, this time, was a fine modern vehicle of brilliant scarlet. The driver had been exercising his impatience on the horn, a vulgar instrument that sang *ta-te-ta-tum*.

To this abominable sound I was taken to the Happy Cottage. For a moment it was as it had always been—the deep green of the trees, the flowers, the sun's reflection on the lake broken into fragments by the movement of the goldfish, the great, leathery leaves of the lotus. The queens awaited me, but of the princesses only Bharati was there; Nalini was away in India with her husband, and Vijaya was ill in New Delhi. The queens and I embraced, and I wept.

The King came as he had always come, suddenly appearing from the trees. His face was as beautiful as ever, but even the events of the past year had not erased its wistful melancholy. I touched his feet and he lifted me by the hands in silence, with great gentleness.

It was I who broke this spell, asking for my box to be brought and set on the flagstones outside the Erika Dance Hall—the dance hall that the King had built specially for me because I had given him dancing lessons.

With the pleasure of small children, we unwrapped my presents. We danced that evening in my dance hall, which was full of autumn flowers, and the gramophone played the music it had played two years before.

"Erika," said the King, "*Maffi du*—forgive me. We shall have little time together. I am not what I was. I must work. In a few days I must leave Katmandu."

But that evening we sat together on his portico, alone. We spoke little to each other. He held my hand and we watched the shadows gathering in the garden.

As we sat there a letter was brought to him in a long envelope. He opened it, drew out the foolscap sheet and read it. He smiled and then passed it to me. It was the Prime Minister's resignation.

I STAYED in Katmandu for three weeks. It had changed. It was not just that Singha Durbar, for example, was now a humming government secretariat; new life had been born in the city. I felt it in people's voices and saw it in their faces.

Almost every day I went to the palace. The King was not always there, or if he were there it might often be for a few minutes only. His clothes had lost some of the neatness I remembered, and this was not, I believe, because he had become untidy in mind but because he was now a working king.

Some evenings even when my car had arrived to take me to the palace, and I was stepping into it, I was stopped by a messenger carrying a note in the King's handwriting: *Erika, forgive us. I cannot see you tonight. I must work.*

I hated that, but I knew that the King was truly busy. Every day on the *maidan*—a parade ground in Katmandu—an army of workmen assembled more of the equipment needed for his grand tour of Nepal. In the centre of the grass had been erected the enormous coloured marquee in which he and his staff were to live. About it was a score of smaller tents, forming a little town.

One evening when I arrived at the Happy Cottage, the King was standing on the portico with a tall, striking man in a snow-white gown that was flung across his shoulders like a toga. His hair was white, too, and his face marked with lines of great suffering. The King introduced him as Ganesh Man Singh, and such was the simple nobility of the man that I bowed very

A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

Freddy Grisewood is robbed by a squirrel



LAST year Freddy Grisewood, who has appeared on many B.B.C. gardening programmes, tried some of the new climbing strawberry plants in his Hampshire garden. "I watched a solitary strawberry slowly ripen, then just as I was going to pick it a grey squirrel ate the wretched thing. Now I wonder: are they worth growing?" He nursed some primulas in his greenhouse. Then one night the power failed, there was a heavy frost and every primula was killed. "How does Percy Thrower protect his primulas?"

PERCY THROWER says:

I'm happy to say that my first experiment with climbing strawberries proved a success. The plants grew from pots and tubs to be about two and a half feet high. I picked the first fruit in June, and had weekly crops on runners until the autumn. This year I expect my established plants to do even better. I feel certain, however, that new and possibly better varieties of climbing strawberry will be developed.

Place new plants in a sunny position, in rich soil. Prepare the ground with a heavy dressing of peat manure or compost, plus a handful of bone-meal per square yard, and to keep the plants growing strongly it is best to provide a little liquid fertilizer once a

fortnight, once they are established. If, like mine, they prove susceptible to mildew, spray them with a fungicide two or three times during the summer.

Two measures help to keep frost at bay if greenhouse heating fails; line the greenhouse with polythene sheeting and cover the primulas with sheets of paper. If my primulas get frosted I spray them with cold water early in the morning, then keep them in the shade for two or three days. If they have not been severely attacked they will recover.

Primula seeds should be sown now, in pots or boxes. Try large-flowered primula obconica, yellow primula kewensis and, for late winter and early spring the fairy-like primula malacoides.

humbly. He was, said the King, one of the new ministers of government.

Ganesh Man Singh talked to me about Nepal, and, because I wanted to know, I asked: "Why do you wear white?"

He said: "Madam, for twenty years the Ranas kept me in jail, fastened by a chain to an iron ball. So that I may never forget those sorrows, and the sorrows of my country, I shall always be in mourning."

On my last evening in Katmandu, I was alone with the King in the gardens for a while. He put the palms of his hands together and he said: "*Erika, maffi du*. I want you to stay, but you have seen how busy I am, and I must leave for the country tomorrow."

He looked carefully at my face. "Don't be sad. I shall see you in the spring. My daughter, Bharati, is to be married in Calcutta, and you will see us all again."

Princess Bharati was married to the Maharajkumar Tikait Bradeep Chandra Banj Deo of Mayarbanj. The ceremony, which lasted from January 31 to February 8, was held in Darbhanga House on the corner of Chowringhi Road in Calcutta.

I travelled from Simla at the end of January, first by car to Kalka, by night express to Delhi, and by plane from there to Calcutta. At the airport a car was waiting, flying the crossed *kukri* of Nepal, and it took me to the Great Eastern Hotel. A suite of rooms had been ordered for me, and filled with flowers.

When I went to Darbhanga House there were Nepali servants everywhere. I remember the glitter of diamonds, the rich perfume of sandalwood and attar of roses, the singing sound of Indian voices. The crowd parted to let the queens through, and when those two gentle women saw me they opened their arms. The King arrived and I touched his feet, and arose to feel his arms about my shoulders also.

Already the wedding ceremonies had begun. Every evening, every morning, had its own deeply significant ritual to be performed and observed—so many of them, using up the hours of day and night eventually, that one could never have attended them all.

On my second night at Darbhanga

House the rooms and the garden were full of lights and colour and music. Behind the house was a great lawn. On it was a huge *shamyana*, a tent with a trumpet-like spire in the centre. Inside were chairs, tables, sofas and rich rugs.

It was lit by hanging lamps that glittered on jewelled tiaras, necklaces and rings. Servants walked swiftly among us, turning and twirling trays on the palms of their right hands.

By the side of the lawn stood the King's Gurka pipers in scarlet and green, their cheeks puffing out as they began to shred the air with their music. While they were still playing, in came the queens, and behind them the princesses. Bharati looked beautiful, her face pale, her long lashes lowered over her eyes. She was swathed in an orange and gold sari, a diamond tiara in her hair, and diamonds hanging from her ears.

She was led to a sofa and seated there, and to her was brought her young Maharajkumar, a young man in a golden turban, his face as pale, his eyes as melancholy as hers.

Now the entertainment started, singers, dancers, conjurers, whirling in and out between the tables. The air within the *shamyana* grew hot and heavy. Prince and princess sat silently, a space between. Not once did they look at each other, nor once lift their eyes from an unhappy scrutiny of the rugs at their feet. Behind them stood the King.

I leaned over the back of the sofa between the two young people and said: "Maharajkumar Sahib, do you like American cigarettes?"

He looked up in surprise. "Yes, madam, I do."

"So does your bride. Here are some, now you offer one to her." And they turned, and smiled at each other for the first time. . . .

The ceremonies went on day after day. Marriage is as much a sacrament to a Hindu as it is to a Christian, but to a Hindu woman it is the only sacrament. For a girl there are no ceremonial inductions into the great mystery and mythology of the Hindu religion, nothing corresponding to the *anna-prasan*, the rice-eating ceremony which

takes place when a Hindu boy is six months old.

A girl attains her religious rights upon marriage, and retains them only while married. In this way marriage becomes not only a social duty for Hindus but a religious duty also, and the week-long ceremonies at Darbhanga House that February were a mixture of the sacred and the plainly joyous.

Yet the one ceremony I hoped to see I did not see; by some oversight on my part it escaped me. This, the core of the marriage ceremony, took place early one morning, long before the sun had risen. It was a simple ceremony in which the King washed the feet of his daughter, and she handed to him, and to the queens, little bowls of rice, symbolic repayment of what she had received from them.

That evening Bharati said goodbye to her parents. All the wedding guests were once more at Darbhanga House. Some intuitive understanding of the significance of this farewell led me to put on a black cocktail dress, black gloves and scarf, and very few jewels. When I arrived at the house there was no music, and lights were dimmed.

We waited outside the house and Bharati came at last, her hand held by her prince as she walked towards the car. This was lit inside, and filled with flowers, and Bharati crept into it, crouching in a corner with silken-haired Pekingese on her lap.

I slipped to the other side of the car and tried to comfort her through the window, but the car suddenly moved away and the light inside was extinguished.

The King called for his own car, leaped into it, and followed his daughter.

The guests left, and I went back into the house, passing from room to room, looking for the queens. In the corridors the ladies-in-waiting from Katmandu were gathered in little black groups, silently weeping. I found the Junior Queen sitting alone and crying also. I went higher in the house until at last I found the Senior Queen, who was Bharati's mother, alone in a small room. I comforted her until the King returned from his last and private farewell to his daughter. We sat in silence, and then I left them.

Next day I saw the King again to say goodbye to him before returning to Simla. He called for me in his car, and silently we drove back to Darbhanga House. The *shamyana* was empty, the air very still. I stood there, leaning on the terrace wall, until the King came quietly behind me, gripping my shoulders and turning me about.

I said that I did not wish to return to Simla. He said consolingly: "We shall see each other again. You know that I have another daughter?"

I knew that he was not thinking of Nalini, who was married, Vijaya, who was sadly ill, nor even Triloki. He meant Rajkumari Bimla, who was not the daughter of either the Senior Queen or Junior Queen. I said that I knew.

"She is being married in March. We shall see each other then."

He repeated this when we said goodbye. But I never saw him again.

WHETHER the marriage of the Rajkumari Bimla took place I do not know. I received no invitation. I wrote regularly to the King and heard from him when he was able to write. The revolution, which had seemed to be the beginning of a new life, as all revolutions must seem, had now ground itself to a halt in the bickering of politicians.

Yet he did write far more often than he should, and far more often than I perhaps deserved. He came to India again in the summer of that year, and for a while we both thought that we might meet. But while in India he fell ill with heart trouble. He was often ill now, as if his body was at last revolting against the great demands he had placed upon it. Nor did the state of his country give his heart the peace it needed. King and people were discovering that democracy is not, after all, a present given or a reward taken.

There seemed to be nothing for me in India now, and I came to England in October, 1952, and the horizon of

my world, which had once stretched along the Himalayas, contracted to the walls of a bed-sitting-room in north London.

Letters passed between us irregularly, now, until in the spring of 1953 mine were no longer answered by the King but by Hansa Man Singh, his secretary.

My Dear Miss Erika—His Majesty's health is giving such serious concern to the doctors that he is to travel to Zurich for treatment.

He went to Zurich and returned to Nepal, but had to go back to Zurich again. All through the winter of 1954-55 I heard nothing from the clinic where he was staying. I passed that terrible time by planning to meet him on the Riviera in the spring.

On Sunday evening, March 13, 1955, Mother and a friend were with me. The wireless was playing and I was scarcely listening to it. The music ended and a voice began to read the news, telling me that, three hours before, Tribhuvana had died. He had caught flu after a heart attack. I stood quite still in the centre of the room, with Mother staring at me in alarm, and my friend, who knew nothing of my life in Nepal, carelessly humming "Under The Bridges Of Paris."

I do not like to remember the days that followed. One cannot recall the real pain of grief any more than one can wholly recapture the extreme emotion of happiness. A scar is left to remind one that there has been great anguish, but to describe the pain is impossible.

The King was taken home to his country. All Nepal mourned him. Men shaved their heads and wore no leather on their feet. For thirteen days no Nepali took salt, ate more than one meal between dawn and dawn, or slept on anything but straw. Mahendra, the shy young man in sunglasses who was now King and incarnation of Vishnu, the supreme Hindu god, was, by tradition, exempted from *Kriya*, this demonstration of mourning, but he voluntarily imposed it upon himself.

THE funeral ceremony at the burning *Tghats* of Pashupatinath, the shrine about ten miles north of Katmandu, was moving and terrible. The mystic rites of death were performed within a black tent. There Tribhuvana lay on a stone carved with serpents, his feet towards the nearby Bhagmati River so that his soul might pass thus to heaven. A Brahmin cut a piece of flesh the size of a small dove from about the King's navel. Weighted with golden coins this was buried on a small island in the centre of the Bhagmati.

A sliver of bone was next taken from the King's forehead and placed in a golden casket. Holding this in his hands a Brahmin set out to walk to Redi, eight days distant, where he would bury the casket in the sacred River Gandakh.

As thirty-one guns began to fire their slow salute, the oil-anointed body of Tribhuvana was placed on its pyre and the wood ignited. Thus passed what was mortal of him.

Now the Mahabrahmin, the poor priest called Sri Krishna Bhatta who had performed the funeral ceremony, turned his thoughts towards India. He was no longer poor. For thirteen days he lived in the King's palace, sleeping in the King's bed, smoking the King's cigarettes, waited upon and taking what he wished of the King's possessions. The royal kitchens prepared what he desired, but the food was deliberately contaminated by a paste made from the bone of the King's forehead.

For his services he received gifts worth two lakhs of Nepali rupees, approximately £12,000. He received 10,000 rupees—about £600—in alms. He received two elephants, a richly caparisoned horse, as well as cooking utensils and bedding. These were his reward for taking upon his shoulders the demons released by the King's death.

I do not believe this burden can have been heavy.

THE END

C Erika Leuchtag, 1958

Erika Leuchtag's story will be published as a book by Hutchinson on August 25 at 18s. It will be called "With A King In The Clouds."



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Mad as Eskimos

Continued from page 13

through a tube with a glucose preparation which replaces lost energy. "In an hour's racing," he says, "I normally lose a couple of pounds in weight. At the finish of an event I am usually half a stone lighter than when I started."

Competitors often finish a race completely exhausted. In the London River race one entrant paddled mechanically on past the winning post, unable to arrest the motion of his arms. "We managed to stop him," says Waterhouse, "before he reached the English Channel."

Throughout the season he trains hard. In an average week he runs fifteen miles across country, paddles twenty-five miles along the Kent coast and practises weight lifting.

But racing conditions can upset the most elaborate preparations. Two canoeists representing the Royal Military Academy in the Devizes to Westminster race of March, 1957, found the body of a man floating in a lock near Newbury.

"They informed the local police," says Waterhouse, "and were delayed for an hour and a half while inquiries were made. Afterwards they continued in the race."

Races are open to any type of canoe, but most entrants use a light, covered, racing variety propelled by a double paddle. In his search for the perfect type of craft to suit long-distance racing conditions, Waterhouse has experimented with twenty-two canoes, three of them built by himself. One canoe, constructed of spruce and plywood with a covering of canvas or dinghy fabric, takes him forty hours to complete, at a cost of about £9 for materials.

At Mersea Island, where the competitors often have to contend with a choppy sea, Waterhouse was surprised to see an Eskimo kayak—a slim, unstable craft into which the canoeist fits very tightly—among the starters. Soon after the start of the race it capsized. "In true Eskimo style," says Waterhouse, "the canoeist rolled right under and came up safely on the other side. But he eventually became so cramped that he had to be lifted out of the cockpit."

In races held at sea, wind is often the worst handicap and speed is secondary to the ability to keep afloat. The water was so rough when Waterhouse competed in the 1956 Poole Harbour race that fourteen of the thirty-one canoes ran into trouble.

One, made of glass fibre, broke in half. A canoeist, daunted by the conditions, put back to the starting point

and was run down by a yacht before he could reach it.

Local service units coupled the race with a rescue exercise. Radio operators in launches directed two assault landing craft manned by Royal Marines to the aid of capsized competitors.

Waterhouse's passion for paddling his own canoe began six years ago when a friend challenged him to build one. Having constructed a presentable model he joined a local canoe club and soon became its commodore. After successfully competing at local regattas he turned to long-distance racing, first testing his stamina by crossing the English Channel.

In 1953 he decided that the cross-channel single canoe record was not beyond his reach and waited for a chance to attempt it. It came, after twelve false starts, that September.

Accompanied by a timekeeper's launch he sailed across to France in four hours and eight minutes, knocking forty-nine minutes off the record. "On the way back," he says, "I passed Florence Chadwick, the American swimmer, who had just broken the cross-channel swimming record and still had the energy to attempt the return trip."

He finds that mishaps are most likely to occur afloat at the most innocuous moments. Two years ago he decided to take his four-year-old son Jonathan for a canoe ride in Sandwich Bay. As he was paddling through the surf the canoe suddenly overturned in shallow water.

"I looked around desperately for Jonathan, but he had disappeared. After groping about in the water I turned the canoe over and found him still clinging on underneath. He had remained inside the air bubble trapped under the canoe when it had capsized. I shall never know who was the more scared of the two of us."

Of medium build and not exceptionally muscled, Waterhouse considers that the qualities needed by the long-distance canoeist are stamina, good lungs and strong abdominal muscles. "Sprints are out of place," he says. "The boat must be propelled smoothly and the effort should be consistent over the whole of the course."

But the hazards of long-distance racing have sometimes compelled him to change his tactics. In 1955, during the London River race, he was about to pass under Tower Bridge when he noticed with gratification that the bridge was being raised for the occasion.

"A moment later I happened to glance over my shoulder. A very large motor vessel was breathing down my neck. I changed direction and put on the fastest spurt of my life." THE END



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A FASCINATING EXTRACT
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HUMPHREY LYTTTELTON



JAZZ CLUBS, DANCING-AND DEBS

EARLY in 1956 Louis Armstrong and his All Stars came to Britain for a tour—Armstrong's first appearance here for twenty years. They presented the sort of show which they normally put on in America—a sort of jazz-based variety show, with comedy routines, solo specialities and jazz classics all bundled in together.

The "serious" jazz enthusiasts were greatly disturbed. They had gone to hear a jazz concert and were treated to high-spirited clowning and gallery-fetching showmanship. Was this the Louis Armstrong they had worshipped on records all these years? Why couldn't he put on a "serious" jazz concert, as nature intended? In their dilemma they searched for scapegoats. It was all the fault of his agent, his publicity manager, the concert promoters—they were forcing him to "play down" to his audience against his will.

Then one night, after the show, he and a handful of his musicians came down to my jazz club in Oxford Street, London. It was a private session—no managers or agents in sight.

When Louis and the rest decided to play for us, there was no compulsion for them to choose anything that they didn't want to play. They got up on the stand and put on a miniature version of their stage show—comedy vocals, drum solos and all.

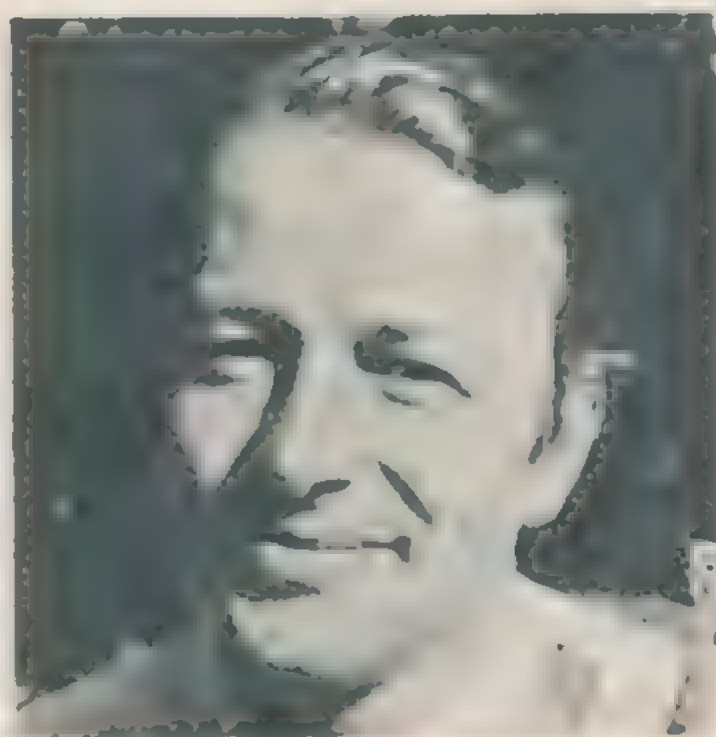
This incident proved to me something that I had always suspected—that to Louis Armstrong there is no distinction between jazz and popular entertainment.

And he is not alone. When Lionel Hampton brought his orchestra to Britain later in the year events repeated themselves.

Hampton's band is a dance band specializing in a rugged, exciting brand of jazz. Wherever they play there are scenes of wild enthusiasm, verging on riot.

When this happened in England the "serious" jazz lovers were dismayed. People getting up and dancing to jazz? Such vulgarity! But despite the protestations of the highbrow jazz fans, jazz remains a dance music.

I think that it was my friend and fellow jazz



My bandstand view of the hectic scramble on the dance floor gives me lots of laughs. I see dancing dervishes, rogue elephants—even cabinet ministers having a fling

journalist Steve Race who referred to the down-to-earth dance music of Hampton's band as "toe-fodder"—and good jazz has never been ashamed to aim its attack on the senses first and foremost at the feet.

This, of course, is precisely what goes on at my club. Press curiosity about the club suddenly increased a few years ago. Hitherto, jazz clubs in general had been almost completely ignored in the newspapers, except for a few highly coloured features and some nasty hints in the reports on drug cases. We came into the category of low dives, none the more popular with newsmen for being uneventful and dull.

Then suddenly the angle changed. Overnight we became socially significant, a postwar phenomenon, something to be studied and psycho-analysed.

It was quite a pleasant change. There was, of course, a variety of interpretations. From the *Daily Worker* we gathered the comfortable impression that our customers were solid, dependable proletarian types, the salt of the earth, whose coloured shirts and erratic dancing were simply an expression of revolt against the drab, soul-destroying grind for existence in a capitalist Hell.

We even rather fancied the artist's sketch of the band, which portrayed us as rugged working types in seamen's jerseys and heavy boots. It only needed a bit of string knotted under each knee to complete the impression.

Then along came a special correspondent from

The Times to put us right. Our clients were not really proletarians and honest toilers after all, but "public school men and undergraduates," "enthusiasts from Wellington and Clifton," "Oxford men," "a youth from Rugby." Not "blokes" at all, but "chaps."

In our innocence we had always regarded our patrons as an oddly assorted, heterogeneous, unpredictable mob, as motley a crew as the Foreign Legion itself, who came to the club because they liked to dance—and listen—to jazz. Naïve old sillies that we were, we failed to spot that they were in fact hot-headed blue-bloods in disguise, "indulging a youthful desire for what passes for fast living, speed and novelty."

Young rakes, kicking over the traces in a wild orgy of pastries . . . dissipating their energies in frenzied foot-tapping, half drunk with excitement . . . being discovered by the Old Man, perhaps, as they tried to sneak into the town residence at 11.15 p.m. . . . an ugly scene in the drawing-room . . . the Mater sobbing, the Old Man pacing the floor, grating out bitter reproaches from beneath a stiff upper lip . . . cut off with a shilling . . . sent to the Colonies . . . "never mention the name of Jelly Roll Morton in this house again. . . ."

I must confess that I can't help feeling that if an evening at my club nowadays passes for "fast living" then things aren't what they used to be.

Other observers have been less robust and down-to-earth in their reactions to the new Jazz Age. There is a lingering superstition—and jazz



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writers of the past must share some of the blame for nurturing it—that there is something mysterious, esoteric, almost supernatural about jazz and everything connected with it.

Of course, jazz has its mysteries. But it shares them with all other forms of vital, living music. People go to listen to it because they enjoy it and are moved by it.

If observers would start from that assumption they would find half the mystery explained. And at the risk of shattering the illusions of romantically minded jazz-lovers, I can say from the horse's mouth that when you see a jazz trumpeter close his eyes and assume a particularly rapt expression, it's safest to forget all about hypnotism and trances. The odds are that he's trying to remember if he turned off the bathroom tap that morning.

And the same probably goes for Yehudi Menuhin.

In Britain, jazz club dancing began about ten years ago. Nobody will pretend that, in those ten years, it has reached a very high standard of grace and beauty. But it started under a severe disadvantage.

The music was "Revivalist" in nature at that time—its style and format were lifted from gramophone

American troops during the war. It began to infiltrate into the jazz clubs when young people—not necessarily dedicated jazz fans—began to desert the big dance halls for the more informal jazz club atmosphere.

Apart from the introduction of jiving, though, there has not been any noticeable collective trend. Styles have come and gone. At one stage, when the jazz clubs were even more deeply embroiled in coffee-bar culture than they are at present, there was a marked ballet influence.

The girls took to wearing ballet shoes and black tights, the men to blue jeans several sizes too small for them. And instead of plodding manfully around like the rest, they glided and pranced about on toe-point with expressive gestures of the hands.

This practice has receded in recent years, probably due to the serious overcrowding on the dance floors. It's the survival of the fittest out there on the parquet, and it's little wonder that the style which has prevailed belongs more to the rugged field than the ballet stage.

The chief reason why no clearly marked collective style has emerged is that jiving leaves plenty of scope for individual interpretation. Some indication of the various personal styles observed from the bandstand can be found in the nicknames by which we identify our club members—Rubber-legs, Charlie the Pointer, the Cyclist and so on.

In the more destructive category there is the Dancing Dervish, who likes it to be believed that the music sends him into a trance. He screws up his face, lets his head loll and his limbs flap—and from where I sit he looks like a marionette in the charge of a drunken puppeteer.

A more endearing species is the Rogue Elephant, usually a solid, dependable British type, who suddenly detaches himself from his partner and goes tramping off on a private excursion of his own.

The female jazz dancer is usually less adventurous than the male. Most of her variations are based on familiar, undulatory patterns taken from stage or films. It is in the "Hooray" sphere that one finds the most startling eccentricity. (In jazz circles aggressively "upper-class" characters are known as Hoorays—an adaptation, I believe, of Damon Runyon's "Hooray Henries.")

The Hooray female is notoriously submissive when dancing and she yields to male domination with remarkable stoicism. Hardened by generations of stiff training—jostling in the crowds at rugby matches, sloshing through the mud at pheasant shoots, being kneaded and gnawed at on the miniature dance floors in murky night clubs—she even manages to muster some show of enthusiasm as she is flung about the floor like a rag doll, her clothing awry, her hair-do in ruins.

To the Hooray male, jiving is something to be done with heart and soul, with blood, sweat and toil—like the Eton Wall Game.

Sometimes, in the London season, timorous hostesses succumb to the demands of their young guests and engage a jazz band for a coming-out dance.

We have played at quite a number of deb dances—and I can say without

KISSES—3

A kiss can be a comma, a question mark or an exclamation point. That's the basic spelling that every woman ought to know.

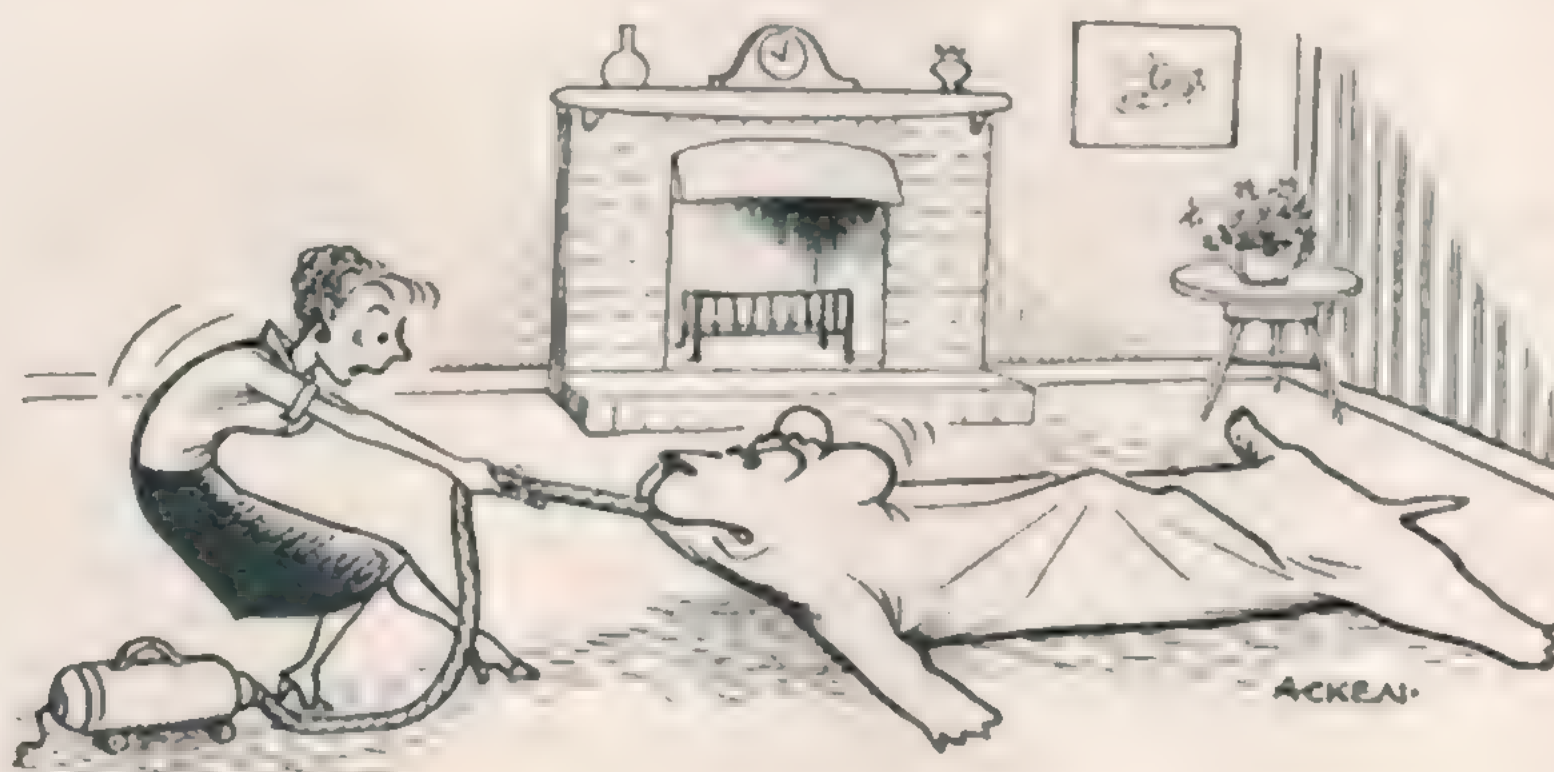
Mistinguett

records of the twenties. The poor dancers who were cajoled into taking the floor at the Leicester Square or the London jazz clubs had no records to turn to for guidance. Thirty years separated them from the dances—the Bunny Hug, the Black Bottom, the Charleston—which were originally designed for the music. So they had to start from scratch.

At first they set about it in the way that some adventurous people learn to swim—by jumping in at the deep end and thrashing about for dear life. Those were the days when curious onlookers used to visit the clubs to watch the extraordinary antics of the dancers, and anxious pressmen boggled and predicted the utter collapse of our civilization.

It was certainly a hazardous business for all concerned, including the musicians. More than once in those early days a flailing arm became engaged in the slide of Keith Christie's trombone and whisked it off under the feet of the dancers. Eventually we had to reverse the normal set-up on the bandstand, withdrawing the more vulnerable front line behind a protective screen of drums, guitar and bass.

In the course of time some sort of style in jazz dancing began to emerge. The basis of that style was the "jive"—a modified form of the "jitterbug" dancing which swept America during the swing craze of the thirties. Jiving was introduced into British dance halls by



hesitation that they are more frightening than any other function I have ever attended.

Whenever possible I go along beforehand to inspect the lie of the land. I am usually shown into an elegant, beautifully ceilinged room which would, at a pinch, accommodate twenty couples. Family portraits glare down, priceless vases stand precariously on pedestals around the walls. There is no bandstand—we are simply to set up in a corner, occupying as little space as possible.

The hostess is in a dither of anxiety. Is the room big enough? Will the band be too loud?

I reassure her with promises that we will at any rate start pianissimo, but I can almost hear her saying to herself: *Why, why did I ever listen to those children—there was never any of this worry with our usual band.* (Some bands specialize in debs' dances—the type of group in which there is always a man who stands in front and plays the violin and smiles.)

When the big day arrives we troop in with our instruments. And here let me break off to offer some hints to harassed hostesses who find a jazz band on their hands.

You are dealing, ladies, with no ordinary musicians. By comparison with the jazzman, the "gig" musician is a domesticated animal. Long years of churning out standard arrangements of the popular songs of the day, of coming up dutifully with the Gay Gordons or the Paul Jones, of having rather tipsy young ladies sprawling into his lap and rather tipsy young subalterns taking over the drums have either driven him out of the business altogether or broken his spirit. As long as you conform to the regulations laid down by his union, he'll take anything.

Jazzmen, on the other hand, require more delicate handling. They wouldn't be jazzmen if they didn't enjoy every moment of their playing time, if they didn't "play the way they feel."

Many of them still retain daytime jobs in order not to have to dilute their music with what they derisively term "bread-and-butter music." They'll quote union rules at you if you underpay them. Apart from that, if they are enjoying themselves they won't quibble about overtime.

So rule number one is to make sure. When you book a band, that you realize that it is a specialist jazz band, and that it won't take kindly to being badgered for waltzes, Latin-American novelties and other non-jazz dances.

When the band arrives it is a mistake to have it met by an octogenarian head butler and conducted straight to the servants' hall. *Never* discriminate between the leader and his men. Jazz is the most democratic form of music and most bands are composed of personal friends who prefer to remain together.

If you can drag yourself away from the last-minute arrangements to meet the band, see them installed in a comfortable bandroom with arrangements for food and drink, and discuss the evening's programme with them; it will pay rich dividends.

All other things being equally congenial they will still be blowing lustily at sunrise, and nothing short of total collapse of lip or lung will bring them to a stop. If, on the other hand, you incarcerate them in a dingy servants' hall with a plate of dry sausage rolls and a strict ration of half a pint of brown ale per head, you are inviting trouble. There are few species more corruptible than hired waiters, and one can always be found who, for a consideration, will pass a regular supply of bootleg champagne into the bandroom.

Having arrived at the house and shed our coats, we set up in our corner of the room, watched with curiosity by the handful of early arrivals—and with anxiety now bordering on panic by the hostess.

Some care has to be given to the opening numbers, in the light of my assurance that we will start with something soft. What is "soft" in a jazz club will splinter the chandeliers in a miniature ballroom. We usually ease in gently with some solo numbers, seeing

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

JOHN ELLISON

(B.B.C. 'In Town Tonight' interviewer) answered these six questions on THE WORLD. Pit your wits against his and try to beat his score

(Answers on page 34)



1	Which is the largest, the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A., or the British Commonwealth?	The British Commonwealth is the largest; then the U.S.S.R., and then the U.S.A.
2	What are the Seven Seas?	North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic and Indian oceans.
3	How much of the earth's surface is land and how much sea?	About one-third is land and two-thirds sea.
4	Why is the sea area Forties so called?	I will make a guess. Is it because it is in latitude forty?
5	Which is nearest the Arctic Circle: London, Vladivostok or Vancouver?	London—at a guess. Vancouver is probably next, and then Vladivostok.
6	What is the highest mountain so far unclimbed?	I just can't think of the name. It is in the Himalayas and I think it is about 27,500 feet high.

to it that no two melody instruments play together at the same time, that the brass is tightly muted and that the drummer is playing with wire brushes and not sticks.

As likely as not the hostess will hurry up half-way through the first tune to beg for mercy, and we play the rest of it with our faces to the wall.

Things improve when the guests begin to arrive. Those who have heard us play in our natural surroundings soon chafe at the subdued sound and requests start rolling in for "something hot." It's a tug-of-war between the jazz fans and the hostess, with the band in the middle. Sooner or later something snaps, and it's almost certainly us.

Out come the mutes; the drummer grabs the sticks and begins to lay about him and we abandon all restraint in an ensemble version of "Royal Garden Blues."

From that point on, youth is at the helm. The hostess and her contemporaries vanish to commiserate with each other in a distant sitting-out room. Except in matters of dress the dance floor becomes indistinguishable from a jazz club, except that the Dervishes are out in strength.

Familiar faces whizz by, registering every human emotion from ecstasy to numb terror. There goes a much-photographed cabinet minister, looking stuffed and expressionless... a fashionable cartoonist, round-eyed and with mustachios trembling in the slipstream... a society photographer, exquisitely dressed and jiving rather better than most... one of the big guns of the Labour Party, beaming rosy like every caricature of himself and trying, without success, to give a modern look to some very antiquated dance steps.

Gradually the older members of the party drop out and the pace gets faster and more furious. Tail coats are discarded; all caution in matters sartorial is thrown away. A few years ago there was a fashionable throw-back to the crinoline. One might have thought that the cumbersome hoops would act as a deterrent to the wilder forms of jiving, but not a bit of it. As the music became less inhibited there was added to the general sound of revelry a brittle crunching as wire frameworks buckled beneath the strain.

Dawn approaches; the fervour subsides. By general consent the music

slips into a lower gear, with emphasis on slow blues. This commends itself to the musicians because each solo can be drawn out to last for several minutes and those not taking part can go foraging for left-over food and drink.

There are several ways in which the affair can finish. Sometimes the hostess emerges from her retreat to give the signal for "The Queen." At other times, when lips are raw and fingers are calloused and there is every sign that the remaining dancers are prepared to keep going until they drop, the band has to take the initiative and launch into the National Anthem on its own.

A few days later we receive a cheque and a letter of thanks from the hostess. The dance, she says, was an enormous

KISSES—4

A man may sometimes be forgiven the kiss to which he is not entitled, but never the kiss he has not the initiative to claim.

Jacob M. Braude

success, entirely due to us. Many of her guests have written to say how much they enjoyed us. And there the matter ends.

Next year it's back to the usual band and the comfortable, predictable man who stands in front and plays the violin and smiles.

My ancestor, Humphrey Littleton, was hung, drawn and quartered at Guildford for some sort of treacherous complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. There are those on the contemporary jazz scene who would like to see me undergo the same treatment—and for much the same reason.

The trouble is that I made my debut as a jazz musician in the guise of a Revivalist. This was a species which came into being during and after the last war, when, as a result of research by jazz scholars, the original jazz of New Orleans was brought to light.

Inspired by what they heard on ancient gramophone records, some enthusiasts hurried off to buy instruments so that they could try playing

this music themselves. The bands—mainly amateur in spirit and status—which mushroomed up at that time were named Revivalist bands. And they carried out their self-appointed task of re-creating New Orleans jazz with all the ardour of a crusade.

I was not a Revivalist born and bred. When I started playing, in the mid-thirties, there had been no Revival. The many varied bands which I formed at school and in the army played such thoroughly suspect items as "Mister Five By Five" and "Bounce Me, Brother, To A Solid Four."

To give you an idea of the outer darkness which we inhabited, we had never even heard of "When The Saints Go Marching In."

I JOINED the ranks of the Revivalists when I left the army and teamed up with George Webb's Dixielanders. And when they broke up the mantle of Revivalism fell upon the shoulders of my new band.

I took up with the Revivalists for several reasons. The great era of swing music, during which I had been attracted to jazz, was over. The general trend was towards "modern" jazz—a new, complex, uneasy music which did not appeal to me. The old style of jazz had far more in common with the music of Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson and Count Basie on which I had been bred. Furthermore, it seemed a good plan, at a stage when jazz music in general was groping around for some sense of direction, to go back to the beginning and learn the fundamentals. With all the optimism and arrogance of youth we even thought we might play a part in putting jazz back on the rails.

Above all else we had fun. We had hit upon a style of jazz within which we felt we could express ourselves, and we set about it with a will. To play "the way he feels" has been the prerogative of the jazzman ever since he first cut loose on a New Orleans street parade and pepped up the standard marches with his own variations. And it has been the basis of everything that I have done with the band.

Whenever we have done anything slightly unconventional there has been talk among the critics of Lyttelton's "experiments." It's not a word I much care for—it smacks of a white coat and test tubes and poring over formulae in the small hours. Most of my alleged "experiments" have come about in quite a fortuitous way.

Considering the early reputation which I acquired as a "purist" and exponent of "New Orleans jazz," my band has never shown much regard for the conventions. The traditional line-up for a New Orleans front line is trumpet, clarinet and trombone. Only for a few months in the ten years of our existence have we complied with this textbook instrumentation.

When Keith Christie was our trombonist it seemed a happy arrangement, both socially and musically, to have his brother Ian in the band as second clarinet. It meant that we could do just that little bit more in the way of varying the sound, as well as featuring clarinet duets by Wally Fawkes and Ian Christie in our programmes.

When the Christies left to form their own group we went for eighteen months with trumpet and clarinet alone, finding that it worked well and being unwilling to tamper with a successful set-up just for the sake of convention. Then, when Bruce Turner brought his alto saxophone to the club and inspired us all with his playing, we signed him up—without consulting the textbooks.

And so it has gone on. To me the whole joy of jazz music is not in reproducing a set pattern, but in getting together a workable group of compatible musicians and allowing the style to emerge. This is a dangerous policy for a Revivalist, since the "purist" notion of jazz is that the New Orleans style, because it was the prototype, is therefore the most "real," "pure" and "authentic," and anything which deviates from it is a move away from jazz.

My band is not a touring one. By this I mean that we live with our wives and children at home, and not all together on a coach. As a rule, we are not away from home for more than three or four

days on end, and that only occasionally.

No doubt I could pay very much more surtax if I were to take the band on the road, travelling daily from one town to another and only hitting home when the jobs happened to fall in London. But there seems to me no quicker and surer way of ending up in the divorce court or the ulcer ward—or both.

In London my day is filled to overflowing. There are programmes to be compiled, numbers to be dug up, arrangements to be timed and adjusted for TV shows, records to be listened to for review, books to be read, tunes to be composed, recordings to be made.

I should like to see all jazz shows—especially those before a live audience—pre-recorded and then edited for broadcasting. I know that there are union objections to this, but they are not insuperable. On artistic grounds the chief objection to pre-recording is that you lose "atmosphere." But this presupposes that you achieve atmosphere by broadcasting "live"—and nothing could be farther from the truth.

What happens, in fact, is that the audience, despite a preliminary pep talk from the producer and frenzied signals during the show, succumbs to studio nerves more than the musicians taking part.

FOR the same reason I would like to see jazz shows for television pre-filmed and pre-recorded. In front of the live TV camera the participants are on their best behaviour. They know that they are "on the air" and react accordingly. Some are temporarily inhibited; others try too hard to do what is expected of them.

For example, I took part in the first live jazz show on TV—a B.B.C. outside broadcast from the Streatham Ice Rink, which was done up to resemble a typical jazz club. Members of my own club were invited along to be themselves—to dance, listen and carry on as they usually do on a club night.

But it takes more than that to present an accurate picture of jazz club activities, and the result was a travesty. Some of the staid members were so overawed by the cameras that they sat like broody hens, staring glassily at the band.

This was interpreted by one unsympathetic critic as "mass hypnotism" and "hero worship." It was nothing of the sort—it was sheer fright.

The uninhibited types went to the other extreme, wearing their most spectacular clothes and caricaturing their normal behaviour on the dance floor.

One young man had stitched his name in braid on the back of his sweater—presumably so that Mum could more easily identify him at home. And for a greater part of the programme the cameramen, desperately searching for atmosphere, riveted their attention on the lower half of a barefooted young lady wearing skin-tight pink trousers. Unhappily, these appeared on the screen indistinguishable from gents' long underpants, which heightened the general impression of eccentricity.

Jazz dancing knows no social barriers. But there are distinctions which can be observed between the various sections of society.

Educationists will perhaps be alarmed to know that the most wild and manifestly insane jazz dancing is confined almost exclusively to what are known as the "educated" classes—university students and public school men, not to mention doctors, solicitors and artists. In industrial districts, out of reach of a university, jiving is a dour, stolid, puritanical business, with few embellishments.

On the other hand, it may or may not be coincidence that fighting is more common where the jiving is most staid. Frightening as the aspect of the wild dancers in a jazz club may be, it is seldom that fighting breaks out. In almost ten years' playing in my club, I have seen only one tussle, and that was extinguished by the members themselves by sheer weight of disapprobation.

Dance hall promoters are, even at this late stage, bewildered and suspicious about the popularity of jazz



"They want us to go over to their place"

dancing. Some of them take the King Canute line, bounding up on to the stage at intervals during the evening to order the advancing waves of jivers back into the far corners.

I can appreciate their dilemma. When jazz bands pull in the customers it's bad business to ignore them. On the other hand, if you attract a jazz crowd and encourage them to invade the dance floor, then your regular strict-tempo patrons will withdraw battered and bruised, perhaps never to return. And dance hall promoters have been resolute—for ten years—in their conviction that the "jazz craze" will pass and that everything will subside again to the peaceful, consoling rustle of "slow . . . slow . . . quick, quick, slow . . ."

They may be right. But so far there has been little sign of an abatement in the popularity of jazz dancing.

Indeed, it has had a boost lately in the fashion for rock 'n' roll. Rock 'n' roll is, of course, a travesty of jazz. One might say that it is the rhythmic essence of jazz extracted, simplified and exaggerated. And the technique of dancing to it is the same as that of jazz dancing.

All that the much-publicised rock 'n' roll riots have amounted to is a handful of youngsters getting up and dancing in or outside cinemas, often at the instigation of enterprising newspaper reporters. And while it may be tiresome for

cinema managers, I can't see that there is anything very disturbing about energetic young people dancing to lively dance music.

Trixie Smith had a song called "The world's jazz crazy. Lawdy so am I." She sang it in the first jazz age, thirty years ago. It is even more appropriate today. Almost all the world is now doing time to jazz in some form or another. Some time ago I played on a television show for an international jiving contest which was won by a couple from Viet-Nam.

People often ask me what I, as a jazz musician, feel about jazz dancing. They often reveal themselves, by the way they phrase the question, as members of the opposition. "Don't you get fed up playing to people who don't listen—I mean, all these morons prancing about?"

My answer is quite definite. The restoration to jazz of its true function as dance music saved it from rapid extinction after the revival of the middle forties. In this country, and in other parts of the world far removed from the source, jazz appreciation during the thirties was almost completely focused upon the gramophone record. A sort of hierarchy appeared among jazz-lovers, working down from the jazz critic at the top, through the discographer (who made detailed catalogues of recordings), the record collector, the recitalist (who gave lectures about records) down to the enthusiast who liked to think of himself as a jazz student.

After the war, when the Revival began to stir and some "jazz students" went so far as to buy instruments themselves, there was a ready-made audience of critics, experts, collectors and serious students—but no people. Indeed, in any self-respecting gathering of jazz-lovers, members of the general public were not encouraged to attend, lest they should lower the tone.

But research work, record collecting, lecturing and discussing isn't jazz. Nor is the exclusive fuf of the jazz appreciation society a salutary atmosphere for jazz music.

It was not until a benefactor founded the first jazz-for-dancing club in London that jazz in postwar Britain began to have a chance. The music had its original function restored to it and the critics and experts were relegated to their rightful place—as spectators on the touchline rather than principal participants.

The doors were opened and the "ignoramus," the "morons" and the "deadheads" streamed in, for no better reason than that they liked the music and it made them want to dance.

And I for one welcomed them with open arms.

THE END

© Humphrey Lyttelton, 1958

Humphrey Lyttelton's story is an extract from his book "Second Chorus," to be published in September by MacGibbon & Kee, 15s.

Glasgow's galloping crowd-busters

Continued from page 17

Glasgow's Central Station gathered to mob Glasgow Celtic football team on its arrival home from a tour of America after winning the Scottish Cup a few years ago.

As the team stepped from the train the crowd crushed forward in a chanting, struggling mass. The footballers halted. To leave the platform would have meant risking serious injury.

An urgent call was sent to the mounted police for help. When Brock and his men arrived none of the team had succeeded in penetrating the crowd. The mounties rode straight on to the station and pushed through to the besieged football team. One by one the players were ferried through their frenzied supporters with a mounted policeman close on either side. The shuttle service continued from the platform to the taxi rank until the entire team and its officials escaped.

When a cart horse bolted with an unattended van in James Street, a mounted constable set off in pursuit. After a short distance the police horse slipped on a patch of wet road and went down with its rider. In a few moments they were up and giving chase again. In London Road, with the mountie gaining rapidly, a policeman on point duty threw himself into the back of the van as it careered past.

With the pointsman hauling on the reins and the mounted constable leaning from his saddle to grab the other horse's bridle, the runaway was forced to stop in Tobago Street, two miles from the start of the chase.

During a recent charity procession organized by Glasgow students a thunderflash exploded under one of the animals. The horse kicked its hind legs peevishly over the empty carton of the firework, then carried on as though nothing had happened.

According to Inspector Brock this is not because his men are mounted on wonder horses. "From a police point of view the best horse is the animal which, though good-natured, is a trifle dim. It will do precisely as it is told without reasoning why. It will also be limitlessly faithful."

Neither does Brock claim that the horses are fearless. "Every horse is scared stiff of something," he says. His own mount, Tribesman, a seven-year-old chestnut gelding sired by a racing stallion named Fearless Fox, underwent the routine police school ordeal of football rattles, motor horns, handbells and revolver shots without twitching an ear.

Brock took the animal on the road. As they were passing a removal van a man came out with a large mirror. Tribesman took one look at it and threw Brock clean from the saddle.

The mounted branch of the City of Glasgow Police was formed in 1925. In 1937 an attempt to abolish it on the grounds that it was not an economical proposition in a modern force was made at the Corporation Police Committee.

Chief Constable Percy Sillitoe (later Sir Percy Sillitoe of M.I.5), who had used the mounted section effectively in his Glasgow gang-busting campaign, spoke strongly in favour of the mounties, then popularly known as Sillitoe's Cossacks. The motion was defeated by eleven votes to four.

The police stables in Bell Street stand fifty feet above ground level in a building shared with the city cleansing department. Horses and riders come and go by cinder-covered ramps. The horses are replaced at the rate of two or three a year, and a maximum of £120 is paid for each new one.

Most of the experienced police horses will stop or go at traffic lights without "telling" from their riders. The mounties are not empowered to ignore the signals. When a car shot past Brock and jumped the red lights in Hope Street one day, Brock had to wait for the green before cantering in pursuit.

He found the vehicle forced to a halt at the next road junction by a continuous stream of cross traffic. Inspector Brock and Tribesman had got their man.

THE END

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

IN his answers to the six questions on the world on page 33, John Ellison scored three points. He was right over the first question. The British Commonwealth covers 14½ million square miles; the U.S.S.R. nearly 8½ million and the U.S.A. (including Alaska) 3½ million.

He answered the second question correctly, but tripped over Question 3. The area of the earth's surface is approximately 197 million square miles. Land covers roughly a quarter, about 56 million square miles.

Ellison's guess at Question 4 was a bad one. The name Forties derives from the fairly even depth of the water—about forty fathoms (240 feet)—in this area just off the south-west coast of Norway. But he answered Question 5 correctly. London (Lat. 51 deg. 31 min. N.) is nearest the Arctic Circle. Vancouver is 49 deg. 17 min., and Vladivostok 43 deg. 11 min. N. The Arctic Circle is 66 deg. 30 min. N.

The mountain that Mr. Ellison was unable to name for Question 6 is Lhotse I. It is one of Everest's neighbours and is 27,890 feet high.

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Last six Examples are incomplete; if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

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ston, 21 Nab Hill Avenue, Leek,
Staffs: GIANT OF A MAN—AGAIN,
KRUPP—AGAIN Ogre? £6: C. Law-
man, High Street, Newport Pagnell,
Bucks: IN SPITE OF THE PLEDGES
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